

January 1

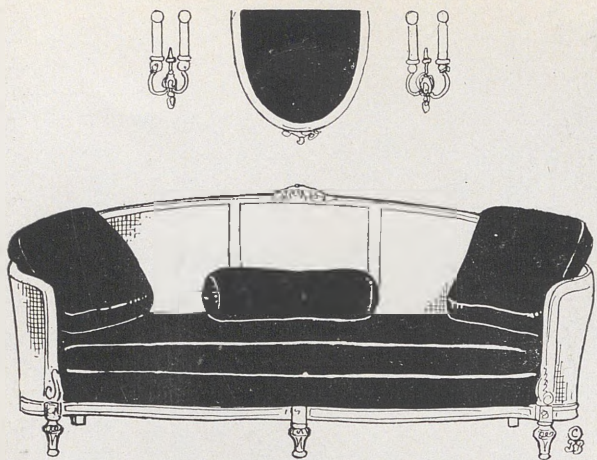
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The GRAPHIC



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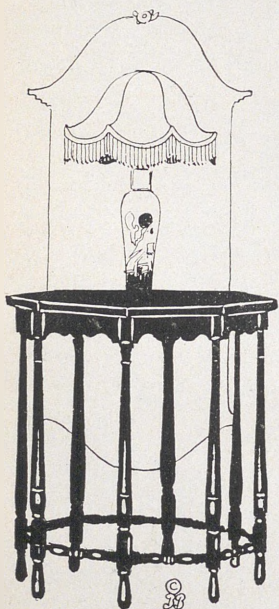
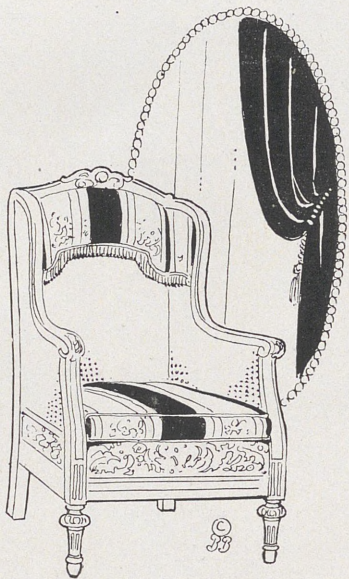
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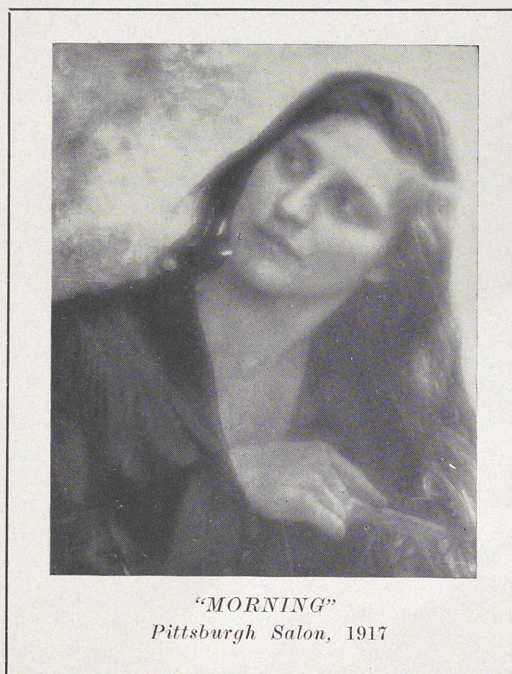
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, A4482 or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

RICE-UTLEY. Announcement is made by Mrs. W. V. Rice of Los Angeles of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Isabel Rice to Mr. James Utley, son of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Utley, prominent in Los Angeles society. Miss Rice who passes the greater part of her time in Salt Lake City, is socially popular there. No date has been named for the wedding.

HEWITT-DE WITT. Miss Margaret Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Hewitt, of Des Moines, Iowa, to Mr. Rumley De Witt of Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt with their daughter pass their winters in Pasadena, where the young people met. No date has been set for the wedding.

CLIFFORD-SPENDLOVE. Miss Allison Clifford, daughter of Mrs. William Clifford, of Hollywood to Lieutenant A. E. Spendlove. The wedding will take place sometime in January. Mrs. Clifford with her two daughters, Miss Allison and Miss Elizabeth have recently come to California to live, being former residents of Duluth.

HAAS-BREED. An interesting engagement recently announced was that of Miss Elizabeth Haas, daughter of Mr. Robert Haas, who has been in Mexico for several years, to Mr. Horace Breed, son of Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Arthur Breed. The date of the wedding has not yet been decided upon.

BAILLARD-DAGGS. Miss Jessie Baillard of Carpenteria and Mr. Paul Rodney Daggs, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Daggs of Claremont. Both the bride-elect and bridegroom elect are graduates of Pomona College. No date has been set for the marriage.

SOLDINI-BOLAND. Miss Beatrice Soldini of Los Angeles, formerly of Venice, makes formal announcement of her engagement to Mr. Foster Boland of Arizona. The news was told at a party given by the sisters of the bride-elect, Mrs. Lewis Williams and Mrs. Walter Rennie. Mr. Boland is a wealthy business man of Arizona.

DE OJEDA-HERMANN. Miss Nadine de Ojeda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda of San Francisco to Mr. George Bliss Hermann, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hermann, also of the northern city. No date has been set for the wedding.

BAER-DAVIS. Dr. and Mrs. John Willis Baer of Linda Vista avenue, Pasadena, make formal announcement of the

engagement of their daughter, Miss Mildred Baer to Mr. Richard D. Davis, Jr. No date has yet been named for the wedding.

LONG-SUTTON. Miss Amy Long, daughter of General and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalen Long of Piedmont to Lieutenant Charles Sutton of Pasadena. No date has been set for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

BRYSON-BELL. Miss Helen M. Bryson of Pasadena and Dr. George C. Bell, of Santa Maria. The marriage took place Saturday, December 22, at Santa Maria, where Dr. Bell has an extensive practice. Dr. Bell formerly lived in Los Angeles. After a short honeymoon trip through the northern part of the state, Dr. and Mrs. Bell will return to Santa Maria where they will make their home.

MESERVE-ADAMS. Miss Dorothy Annette Meserve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meserve of Brawley and Mr. Ansell Lee Adams of Taft. The ceremony was performed by Dean McCormick at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Saturday, December 22, the immediate friends and relatives only being present. After a brief honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Adams will be at home to friends in Taft.

RICKERHOUSE-KIBBE. Monday, December 24, in San Francisco, Miss Susie Rickerhouser and Sergeant Charles Kibbe, Jr.

WALKER-HUNT. Miss Imogen Alice Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Walker of Inglewood, and Mr. Paul Adams Hunt, son of Prof. and Mrs. Rockwell D. Hunt of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, Sunday, December 23. The young people will make their home for the present with the bridegroom's parents at 1128 West Thirtieth street, this city.

MALE-SHANK. Saturday, December 29, Miss Muriel Male and Lieutenant George T. Shank. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Male, with the Rev. W. L. Fisher officiating.

MILLER-BRUNDRED. Miss Jean Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leverett Miller of San Diego to Captain Latham L. Brundred. The ceremony took place December 18 in St. Paul's Church in San Diego. The wedding, owing to the prominence socially of the young couple, was one of wide interest.

GRIFFITH-WEBB. Miss Margaret Griffith of Los Angeles and Mr. Paul Webb. The marriage took place on Christmas day with the Rev. C. E. Webb, father of the bridegroom officiating.

DODGE-RUSSELL. Miss Florence Dodge of Claremont and Mr. Smith Russell, member of the Pasadena ambulance corps at Allentown, Pa. The marriage was solemnized during Christmas week.

HOOVER-WOODS. Miss Norma Luella Hoover, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hoover of Brussels, Canada and Mr. Donovan Whitney Woods of Los Angeles. The marriage took place recently at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Carr of Francis avenue, with the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke performing the ceremony.

JONES-CHAMBERS. Friends of the young couple in Whittier have recently received cards announcing the marriage in Berkeley, December 1, of Miss Mary Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Jones and Mr. Howard Chambers. The bridegroom is now an athletic director in the army camps of the bay city.

After-Theatre Supper served
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BROADWAY

DAGGETT DEEMS. Miss Orilla Daggett, daughter of Mr. William F. Daggett of Pasadena and Sergeant Ralph Deems of the Ordnance Department, Camp Kearny. The wedding took place Monday evening, December 24. Sergeant Deems is a graduate of Occidental College, where he made a reputation as an athlete. The bride is a popular member of the younger social set.

BI CHIOFF-MACE. Thursday, December 20, the marriage of Miss Frances Bischoff and Sergeant Wynn Mace, was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in South Pasadena. The bride is the daughter of the well-known artist, Mr. Franz Bischoff. The young couple will make their home for a time in San Diego, Sergeant Mace being with the famous "Grizzlies" at Camp Kearny.

TWEEDY-REEVES. Miss Verne Tweedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Tweedy of Downey and Mr. Howard Reeves, son of Judge Reeves. The marriage was celebrated a fortnight ago. The bride is a popular member of the younger set and Mr. Reeves is a promising young attorney.

KELLY-O'CONNOR. Miss Mary Grace Kelly, daughter of Mr. John W. Kelly and Mr. James Meade O'Connor of this city, formerly of San Francisco. The wedding was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor will make their home in Hollywood after the first of the year.

MELVILLE-CROCKER. Miss Katherine Melville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Melville of Hawthorne avenue, Hollywood and Mr. Jay Crocker of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents recently with the Rev. J. Arthur Evans, rector of St. Stephens church, Hollywood, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will make their home in Los Angeles.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

December 31. Big naval ball to be given New Year's Eve at Shrine Auditorium for the benefit of the Red Cross. Lieutenant Joseph Neilson, executive officer at the local submarine base, is in charge of arrangements.

GOLF

December 20 to January 1, inclusive, at Hotel Del Monte annual handicap New Year's Tournament, wherein there will be flights for all, a qualifying round and trophies for the winners.

January 1. New Year's. A. M. Four-Ball Match Play vs. Par. P. M. Match Play vs. Par at Los Angeles Country Club.

January 9, 10, 11, 12. Invitation Tournament San Gabriel Club.

January 24, 25, 26. Altadena Club--Invitation Tournament.

Midwick Country Club men's golf events: Club cup every Saturday; Ball Sweepstakes every Wednesday.

Midwick Country Club Saturday night dinner dances every Saturday evening during December.

January 19. Coronado Country Club Match play against par. Silver cups to winners.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

January 19. Handicap Best Ball Foursome. Coronado Country Club.

February 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Hotel del Coronado Handicap Cup, Coronado Country Club.

February 18-22. Coronado Open Championship, Coronado Country Club.

February 26-March 1. Coronado Country Club Open Championship, Coronado Country Club.

March 4-8. Veteran's Cup, Coronado Country Club.

March 25-29. Handicap Tournament, Coronado Country Club.

TENNIS

January 7. Midwinter Championship, Pinehurst (N. C.) C. C.

February 4. Women's Invitation, Heights Casino, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 6. Carnival Championship, Beretania T. C., Honolulu, Hawaii.

February 11. National Indoor Singles Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

March 2. Florida State Championship, Palm Beach (Fla.) T. C.

March 11. Women's National Indoor Championship; Seventh Regiment T. C., New York.

MUSIC

January 4. L. A. Symphony Orchestra at Clune's Auditorium at 3:30 P. M.

January 5. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Maud Powell, Violinist.

January 15. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone.

January 18. Piano Recital by May MacDonald Hope at Blanchard Hall at 8:15 P. M.

January 19. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone.

January 22. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Leopold Godowsky, Pianist.

January 31. Philharmonic Concert Trinity Auditorium. Reinald Werrenrath, Baritone.

ART

The Taos Society of Western Artists will have a display of paintings at the Kanst Art Gallery during the month of January.

December 20-January 20. Interstate Exhibition; The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; The Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

February 3-23. Thirty-third annual exhibition of The Architectural League of New York; Galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street.

FIELD TRIALS

January 6. National Field Trial Club's First Stud Dog Stake, W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss.

January 7. United States Field Trial Club, Grand Junction, Tenn.

January 14. National Field Trial Club, Calhoun, Ala.

January 15. Alabama Field Trial Club, Decatur, Ala.

January 15. National Championship Field Trial Association, Grand Junction, Tenn.

January 21. National Field Trial Championship Association, Grand Junction, Tenn.

January 22. National Field Trial Club, Free-for-all Championship Stake, Calhoun, Ala.

January 25. Louisiana Field Trial Club, Ruston, La.

January 28. National Field Trial Club Free-for-all championship, followed by the same club's Stud Dog Stake.

January 30. Southwestern Field Trial Club, Vinita, Okla.

April 2. English Setter Club of America, Southern New Jersey.

BENCH SHOWS

January 3. Toy Spaniel Club of America, New York City.

January 18-19. San Diego. R. C. Halsted, Secy.

February 20-23. Westminster Kennel Club; New York City.

February 25-26. The Kennel Club of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

March 1-3. Indianapolis Kennel Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

March 7-9. Central Ohio Kennel Club, Columbus, Ohio.

HORSE RACING

November 29-February 28. Tia Juana Jockey Club. Mexico.

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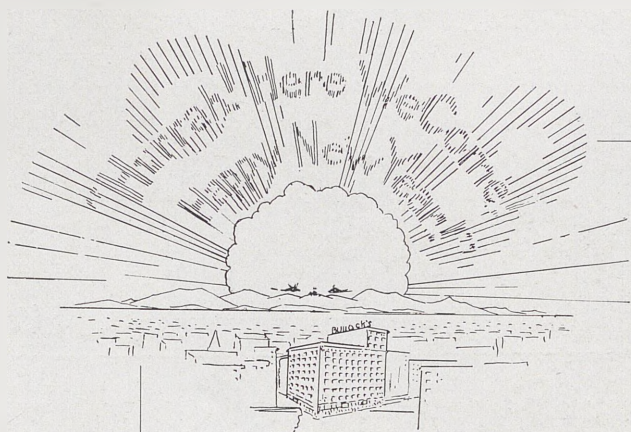
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"Good Morning!!

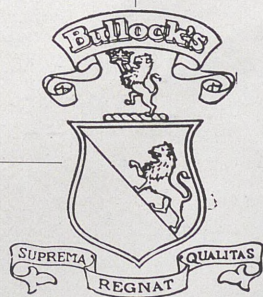
"Good Morning!!!

"We're so happy that we just want everyone else to be happy too—Let's all be happy this year—What say—?

"S'pose you knew that there were to be the wonderfulest Values, and Styles that were newer than the new—So new that they have not yet been shown in Eastern Style Centers—

"S'pose you knew, wouldn't you want to tell everyone to watch every day for news and—we do know—and that's why we want you to read Bullock's advertisements and to watch Bullock's windows all through January—

(Signed) "The Whities"—



The Graphic

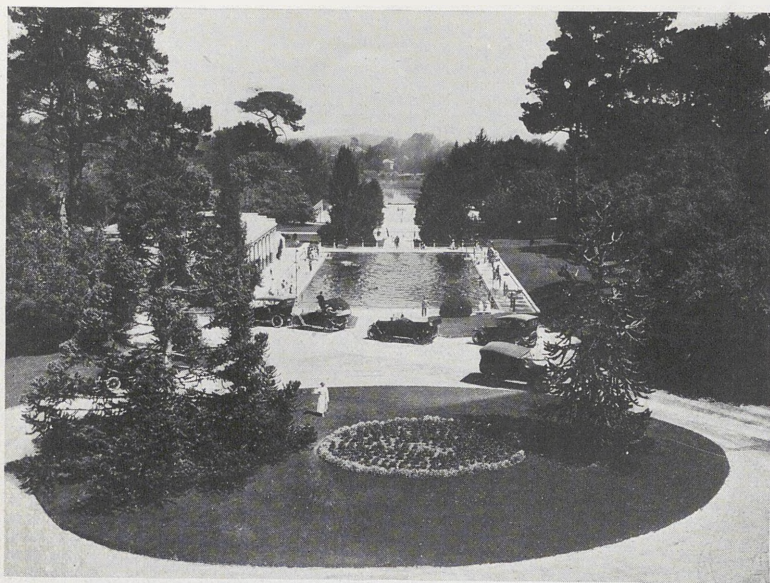
SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Campbell Studio, N. Y.

MISS AMY BUSCH

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hamilton Busch of Los Angeles, who has just returned from an extended eastern trip. Miss Busch, one of the most attractive as well as popular of Los Angeles' younger set, is a typical Southern California girl, being fond of all the out-of-door sports, including riding, tennis, golf and motoring.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE UNITED STATES has entered this war without any expectation of material gain. It is quite true that the country was listed by the Kaiser as one of the "undesirables," and was marked for heavy tribute, as well as for the shelving of the Monroe Doctrine by the German Government. But, as the issue stands, the United States has no territorial expansion to look forward to, no boundaries to re-construct and no colonies to foster or protect. By reason of these facts, when the Entente Allies win—and they will win—it is due to the United States that she does not occupy the tail-end of the procession. Without the aid of this Government to the Allied Cause in men, money, supplies and munitions, ships, aeroplanes and engineers, the outcome of the war, to put it politely, would be problematical; to put it bluntly, a drawn contest. There is such a thing as being too chivalrous and too sentimental in a world-war, and the United States is entitled to a fair and reasonable representation in the councils leading up to an ultimate settling of the war. Great have been the sacrifices of the Entente Allies, both before and since the United States entered the lists. Immeasurably great. Great must be the sacrifices of our people before the war is over. Incalculably great. And commensurately with what she has done, what she is now doing, and what she will do before Prussianism is finally stamped out, the United States owes it to her past, her present and her future to have her aid acknowledged and her status as a world-power recognized and deferred to on an equal basis by the Allies with whom she stands ready to fight the common foe so long as she has a man or a dollar left.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE SPLENDID WORK of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce as regards building up manufacturing in the city, and the spreading of information as to the advantages which Los Angeles possesses as a manufacturing city, the majority of the people in Eastern, Mid-Western and Northern cities usually think of the metropolis of the Southwest as a tourist resort. Los Angeles is the twenty-sixth city in the United States as a manufacturing center, and she has really only started in that line. She is likely to be sixth in importance before her rivals wake up. In 1916 approximately 150 factory buildings were erected in the city at a cost of \$13,753,000. In 1917, new factories numbered 175, with a total expenditure value of \$13,325,000. Raw materials available include petroleum, potter's clay, kaolin, cement, feldspar, quicksilver, cotton, iron, antimony, jasper, marble, granite, terra cotta clay, building stone, soda, borax, china clay, soapstone, graphite, salt, magnesite, wool, silica, olives, baryta, dolomite, gold, sulphur, lead, silver, tungsten, strontium, talc, gypsum, lime, fuller's earth, potash, sugar, hides, whiting, ochre, siennas, umbers, copper and mineral waters, and other material. Cheap fuel, ideal climatic conditions, transportation facilities and world markets complete the reasons why Los Angeles has gone so quickly and

so steadily to the front as a great manufacturing city. One local retail firm handled something like three million dollars' worth of Los Angeles manufactured goods last year. Eastern, Mid-Western and Northern capitalists would do well to examine conditions here very closely. They will bear the most rigid investigation, and the people of Los Angeles should remember that manufacturing supremacy means not only benefit to real estate and to business in general, but that population, augmented and secured by manufacturing, brings in its wake the arts and sciences, music, literature—all the attributes which make cities in reality great artistically as well as commercially.

RECENT FIGURES, SUBSTANTIATED and published as to the economic wastage caused by the frequency of automobile accidents in Los Angeles, show a startling annual extravagance running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Even if it be contended that the list of dead and wounded is a trivial and insufficient argument in favor of a downtown subway zone, to reduce casualties in this respect, surely the undeniable loss to the community in dollars and cents ought to be a potent incentive to remedy the existing order of things.

MONEY IS A GOOD SERVANT, but a bad master. Most people who despise the power of money are not bowed down under a surplusage of filthy lucre. At the same time, the possession of a certain amount of cash has been found to be advantageous under a given set of circumstances. The well-known experience of Simple Simon points a moral in this respect. The present war was very nearly a war of finance from the first. After the initial fierce drive of the Germany Army, stopped at the Marne, "the silver bullets" began to show their influence in the struggle. In this later phase of the conflict the United States holds the trumps. But for her resources, her wealth, her support of the Allied cause—who can tell? The work which the American Government is now doing in the way of financing the war is worthy the support of every red-blooded American. It is not merely a perfectly safe investment from a financial standpoint, but it is part of the tightening coil which will choke out the life of the hydra-headed serpent of Prussianism.

PEACE

PEACE—Yes! when over many countries blighted
The steps of Freedom come;
When countless wrongs are past, though never righted,
To souls forever dumb.

When shrapnel shells no longer plough the tillage.
Nor harrow up the slain,
Where steeple-top and the once smiling village
Lie level with the plain.

Peace, when the Prussian is ground down and under
War's iron-shodden heel,
And blotted out with cannons' rolling thunder
And gleaming lines of steel.

Peace, when at last the shining scaly serpent
Of German hate lies dead;
Not sooner, though each long-contested arpent
Be steeped in living red.

By the mute lips of women pure and blameless,
By soldiers crucified;
By all those horrors shuddering and nameless
Flung broadcast far and wide:

Must we fight on, till warring clouds dis sever
And battle-lightnings cease;
And the spent foe, by hill and shore, and river,
Kneels down and begs for peace?

BY THE WAY

TEN years ago Lieutenant Garrett Winne first donned a uniform. This last month, with the closing of the second officers training camp at the Presidio, he achieved an ambition nurtured throughout a decade of years, and won his commission as a first lieutenant in the United States Army. Let there be no inference from this, that Lieutenant Winne has been poring over his army manual during all these ten years and laboriously working his way up from the ranks. Fate, however, gave Lieutenant Winne a Blackstone in place of an Army Manual when he had finished his cadet days at St. Vincent's College, then a military school for boys, and he acquired a legal title instead of an army rank. Then he was offered a splendid connection with the Robert Marsh Company of Los Angeles and in the maelstrom of the big business world a good soldier was lost to Uncle Sam. When the Second Officers' Training Camp opened, Garrett Winne, civilian, was enrolled as a member. All the zeal of his military school days was awakened and he drilled, dug trenches, swept out camp, did his bit at "shooting snipe" and studied his new army manual with such indefatigable enthusiasm that he skipped right over a second lieutenancy and at the close of the three months of training was given his stripe as first lieutenant. Lieutenant Winne, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Winne of Los Angeles, and who incidentally is but twenty-five years old, has been assigned to duty at Camp Fremont, where he will have the distinction of being an officer with a company of regulars, men who have seen three years of service in the Philippines. During a fortnight's visit in Los Angeles, which was concluded this last week, Lieutenant Winne was much feted by his host of friends here. He also included in his calendar of events—a wedding, at which, however, he officiated in the capacity of an usher, Lieut. Thomas A. J. Dockweiler, a fellow-officer, being the bridegroom.

STEPPED OVER THE LINE

FERDINAND VON GROFE, a nephew of Julius Bierlich, concert-master of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra, and himself a member of that organization for a number of years, had an unpleasant experience recently, that will teach him to learn where the U. S. boundary line is before he goes duck shooting. While engaged in that classic occupation near Douglas, Ariz., he and his friends were held up by Mexicans at the point of revolvers that seemed a yard long and a foot thick, and taken into Aqua Prieta, where they were told that their captors were not Villistas, as they had supposed, but Carranza soldiers. Their automobile, their guns and their overcoats were taken from them, and they were thrown into jail. Von Grofe, however, recognized one of the officers as having been in a cafe where the former had been playing and where the "general" had sent up a request for "Rigoletto." As neither party spoke the tongue of the other, Von Grofe, ejaculated "Rigoletto—cafe—piano" pointing to himself. The officer got the point and ordered their release. Von Grofe swears he hereafter will play anything any Mexican requests but he is going to keep a mile away from the Mexican line, if he sees it first.

WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS

COURTLAND SMITH, acting for the National War Savings Committee, and on behalf of Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, has issued a circular letter and a printed statement, explaining the method of issuance, and the entire system of safeguarding the sale of War-Savings Certificates and War-Savings stamps, including the auxiliary scheme of Thrift Stamps and Thrift cards. War-Savings Certificates can be held by one person in the sum of \$1,000, and no more, and purchased in sums of no more than

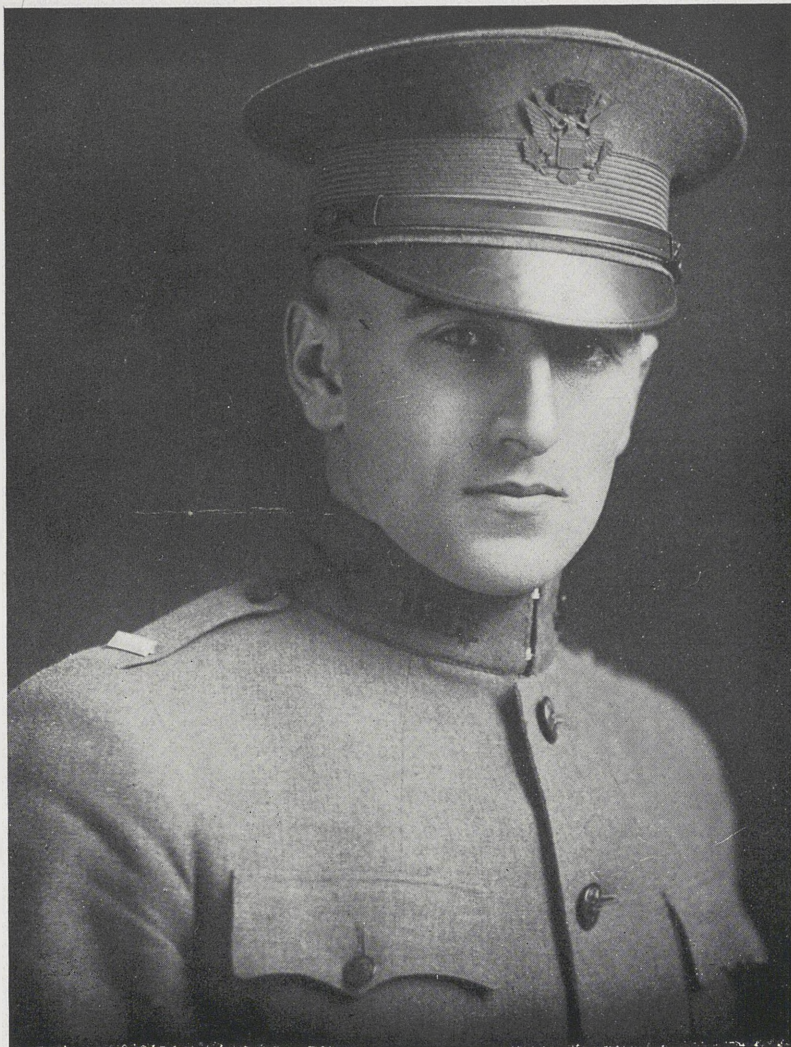
\$100 at one time. Thrift stamps can be exchanged for War-Savings Certificates. The advantage of the system evolved is that it enables persons of very moderate means to invest small sums at one time until such small amounts may be gradually worked into larger amounts until a total savings of \$1,000 can be reached. The entire United States is back of the issue of both War-Savings Certificates and of Thrift Stamps, and the security therefore is as good as the Government itself. The Banks and Post-Offices will give all the details for purchase of either class of these securities, and every dollar invested is just so much more of a force exerted for winning the war for The United States and her Allies.

MERRITT ISSUES WARNING

RALPH P. MERRITT, Federal Food Commissioner for California, in his last Official Food News Bulletin lays particular stress on the fact that France and Italy, particularly, among our Allies, are depending on the United States for sugar. He shows that the conservation of sugar is as necessary as the conservation of meats, fats, and wheat products, and makes a strong appeal for concerted and vigorous action on the part of the American people to reduce the amount of sugar used in the United States. Paradoxical as it may seem, this war seems to be getting down to a question of food-stuffs. Nations, like armies, must "travel on their bellies," and the battle of the kitchens is now in full blast. Mr. Merritt's arguments will repay a most careful and close examination, and here in California we can "do our bit" by saving in household waste as surely as we can by buying Liberty Bonds.

MANUFACTURING IN LOS ANGELES

ARTHUR W. KINNEY, Industrial Commissioner of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, has just given out figures covering the industrial activities of Los Angeles and metropolitan district for the year 1917 which must create a most optimistic feeling everywhere throughout this region. According to this report more than one hundred seventy-five new industries have been located here since January 1st. Fifty-five new factory buildings have been under construction and more than thirteen million dollars has been expended for housing and equipping these new enterprises. The Industrial Bureau was organized by the Chamber of Commerce just four years ago for the



Witzel Studio

LIEUTENANT GARRETT WINNE

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Winne of Los Angeles, who won his stripes at the Presidio last month. Lieutenant Winne has been assigned to duty at Camp Fremont with a company of regulars.

purpose of bringing more smokestacks to this city and creating more payrolls here, and to give greater self-dependency to our city. During this period more than six hundred new manufacturing enterprises have been started here, nearly two hundred new factory buildings have been erected and over thirty-two million dollars has been spent for factory construction, machinery, etc. The Chamber of Commerce has good reason to feel much pride in this great constructive work for the upbuilding of this region. In view of the remarkable showing made, plans are being perfected to give greater industrial publicity to Los Angeles. When these plans are carried to successful accomplishment we may look to see this city become one of the most important manufacturing centers of the nation. Already the conditions in Eastern and Mid-Western manufacturing centers are beginning to tend towards crowding, and over-competition. The star of manufacturing, like the star of empire, is taking its westward way, because of the demand for better opportunities and a freer outlet. With the taking over of the railways by the United States Government, transportation difficulties will be reduced to a minimum, and manufacturing will receive a tremendous impetus everywhere. This will be an additional stimulus to the industry in the metropolis of the South-West, and Los Angeles may well look forward with confidence toward its future as a great payroll city.

BY THE WAY

"SOMEWHERE out on the High Seas" there is a happy Los Angelen "doing his bit" for Uncle Sam. Ensign Hancock Banning, U. S. N., is his official title, but among his boyhood intimates he is fondly hailed as "Hank." That is—he used to be accosted thus informally, but now should these same associates meet him, they must, the greater number of them, gravely perform a naval manoeuvre, called a salute, and omit the old familiar nickname. Ensign Banning is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles and a grandson of the late Phineas Banning, one of the city's most prominent pioneers. He likewise is related to a score or so of Los Angeles wealthiest and best known families. One of the first of California's native sons to proffer his services to his country, it was quite to be expected that young Hancock Banning, Jr., would seek to "do his bit" out upon the great ocean, which he has loved with a born sailor's devotion since his earliest boyhood. Four seasons or so ago Hancock Banning, Sr., presented his two sons, Hancock Banning, Jr., and George Hugh Banning, with a commodious sixty-foot gasoline yacht and their vacations have been practically lived aboard "The Cricket," upon which they and their friends have enjoyed many wonderful cruising trips in Pacific waters. From being master of his own handsome private yacht to serving as a sailor and then a minor officer aboard one of Uncle Sam's greatest battleships is quite a step, but if there is a happier or more enthusiastic young naval officer in the United States service than Ensign Hancock Banning, then he is yet to be discovered. Ensign Banning is a graduate in electrical engineering of the Virginia Military School and he later was graduated as a mechanical engineer from Cornell University. He then entered the employ of the General Electric Company at its Schenectady, N. Y., shops. When war was declared young Banning enlisted with the permission of the General Electric Company which placed him upon its roll of honor for efficient and reliable work, he being one of 1000 men so honored among the organization's forces of 25,000. After doing land duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yards, young Banning, Jr., entered Columbia University for a course in navigation, and upon his return to active duty he was deservedly ranked as Ensign Banning.

DINING CAR WAR PORTIONS

THE Lackawanna Railroad Company has instituted a system of one-third less food on its dining cars at one-third less prices, and even less, and urges its adoption of "War Portion Dining Car Meals" by all of the other railroad companies in the United States. The following are some of the prices, regular, and "war portion price." Cream of celery soup, regular 25 cents; "war portion," 15 cents. Sausage and mashed potatoes, regular, 75 cents; "war portion," 50 cents. Cauliflower au gratin, regular price, 25 cents; "war portion" 15 cents. Lettuce and tomato salad, regular price, 40 cents; "war portion," 25 cents. Sirloin steak, regular price, \$1.50; "war portion," 90 cents. Large and small items of fare all are reduced at least one-third in price. It is a good move, and should be adopted by every railway, hotel and restaurant in the United States.

RED CROSS REPORT

CHAIRMAN H. P. DAVIDSON'S report as Chairman of the War Committee of the American Red Cross, for work done during the past six months makes vivid reading. The American Army is the first care of the Society; the assistance to our Army and Navy abroad being the principal purpose of the over-seas work and organization. The scope and myriad activities of the Red Cross Society are simply astonishing, and the labor done here in Los Angeles and in Southern California cities, towns and

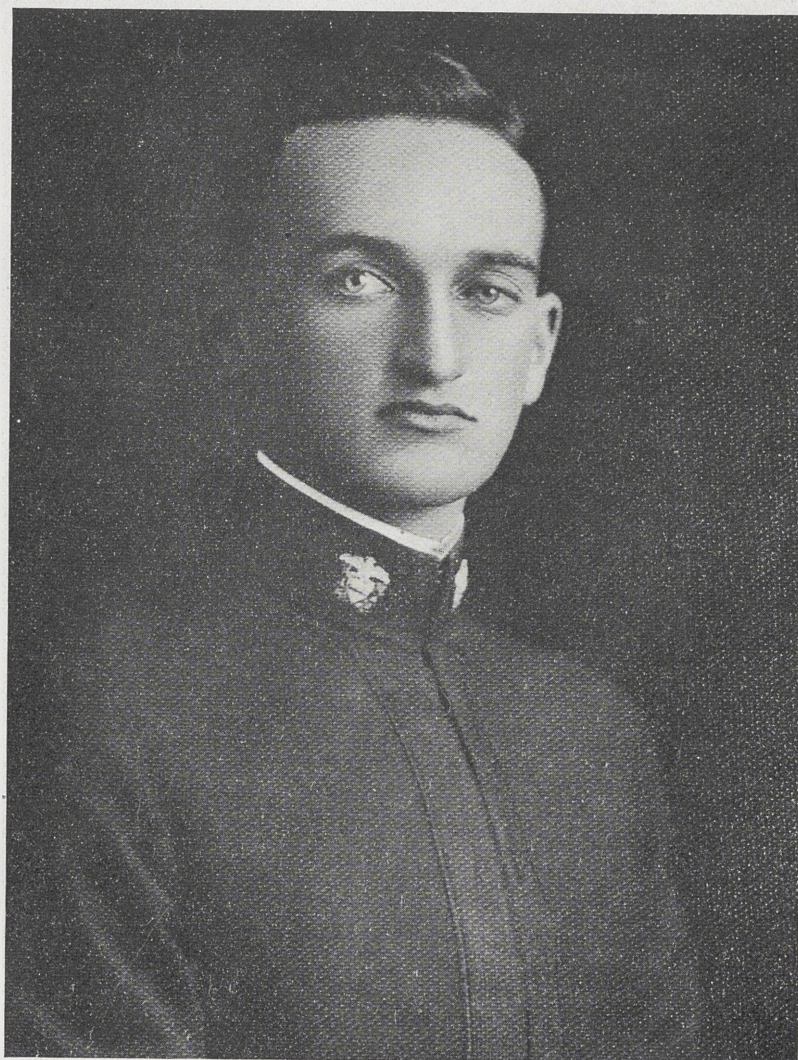
country districts has been productive of invaluable results. Special attention is drawn in this report to the magnificent aid rendered by the American women to this truly monumental work. Too much praise cannot be given to the womanhood of the United States for the devotion and self-sacrifice they have shown in helping to carry out the aims and aspirations of the Red Cross Society.

INCOME TAXES

JOHN P. CARTER, Collector of Internal Revenue announces that the officer assigned to the County of Los Angeles to collect income taxes under the new law will arrive in the city on or about January 2nd, and remain until March 1st. His offices will be located in the Federal Building, and he will be pleased to meet all willing and unwilling contributors to the Government coffers. Every unmarried person with a net income of \$1000 or over, and every married person living with wife or husband and whose net income is \$2000 or over should call on the officer and ascertain whether they are subject to income taxes under the present rules. Every aid and courtesy will be extended to persons calling at the offices, and every energy available will be used to hunt up all delinquents who are liable under the new law, and see that they contribute their share under the new law. The Government has announced a lively policy of stirring up all "slackers," and no camouflage will be permitted to screen those who are not strictly exempt from payment.

SIDEWALK ETIQUETTE

HARVEY W. STRONG, fresh from the wilds of Chicago, and with the icicles just melted from his mustache and whiskers, says the principal industry in that thriving village at present is bank robbing. However, he gives the palm to Los Angeles for pavement crowding, and says we walk in circles and strings on the sidewalks, with almost no system at all. He calls attention to the fact that in nearly all other large cities the inhabitants divide the sidewalks into two parts, walking up one side and down the other, without mixing into a sort of pedestrianic goulash as they do in Los Angeles. Mr. Strong also says that the ladies, (God bless 'em) should step to the edges of the pavement when they wish to talk with a friend, and they should also refrain from blocking the crossings in beavies, groups and festoons. Mr. Strong confesses to being "a bachelor of uncertain age," but denies this has anything to do with his criticisms.



ENSIGN HANCOCK BANNING, U. S. N.

Whose Christmas cablegram to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles is dated from "somewhere at sea."

ROSE TOURNAMENT AT PASADENA

MISS JANE DELANO of Washington, D. C., and Miss Jamme of Sacramento, California, guests of honor at the Pasadena Rose Tournament this year, will be met and welcomed by many prominent ladies of the Red Cross Society when they reach Pasadena. An immense stimulus has been given to the tournament this year by reason of the announcement that the proceeds will all go to the Red Cross. It is expected that there will be over 800 automobiles in line, together with the decorated floats, and a brilliant scene is anticipated. Miss Mary Wallace Weir has charge of the marching, and under her capable direction everything is expected to move as smoothly as clock-work. Judge Perry Wood of Los Angeles has been appointed Chief Aide to Dr. Z. T. Malaby, Grand Marshal of the Tournament Parade, as a token of appreciation of his interest in and encouragement to the tournament. Decorating and hanging of banners has already been begun, and the city is taking on a festal air rapidly. Business houses and private residences are vying with one another in the race for special beauty of decoration. Hotel reservations have been unusually heavy, and everything points to a most successful affair.

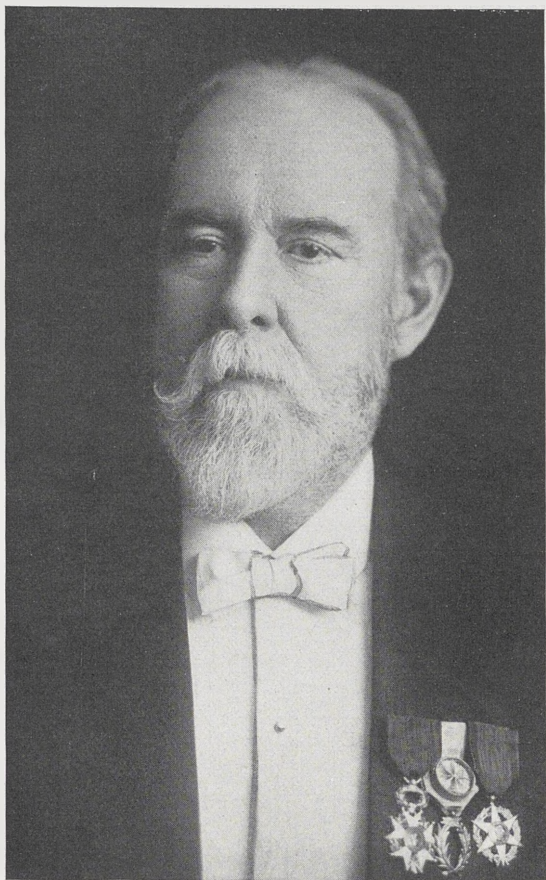
AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN FRANCE

By FLETCHER W. CHANNING

TO REVISIT Los Angeles after an absence of thirty years is an experience which is certain to bring with it a sense of wonderment at the changes a man will find. In his rooms at the Alexandria hotel, Mr. J. Sanford Saltus, artist, sculptor, traveller, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, recalled his coming to Los Angeles some thirty years since, and the marvellous change the city had undergone since then. "I've changed myself," Mr. Saltus remarked, "but the city has progressed almost beyond belief. What was merely a growing town, has blossomed

into a real metropolis, and the possibilities for a great city seem to be assured."

Mr. Saltus, though a native of the State of New York, has made France his home for years. While he has not been actively engaged in painting for some time, he has retained a keen interest in art and matters artistic. Eight years ago he established an annual prize at the Paris Salon for the best battle-picture, open to all French artists. One of these prizes was won by an artist named Leroi, a young man only 30 years of age, who afterwards entered the ranks of the French army and was decorated with the Cross of The Legion of Honor for conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle.



J. SANFORD SALTUS,

Artist, Sculptor, Traveller, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

Subsequently, in a fierce battle on the western front some two years ago, Leroi was killed.

The present French painters, according to Mr. Saltus, have not the vigor and finish in their pictures relating to war such as was possessed by Edouard Detaille, but the ending of the war will, in Mr. Saltus' opinion, result in bringing to the fore French painters of war scenes who will likely surpass all other former French artists along these lines. The ranks of the French army now contains many artists who will have the fury and horrors of war ground into their very souls. Some of these men will survive the struggle. Some of them will have had greater opportunities of seeing war in its naked psychology than even Verestchagin. And from the harvest of blood and tears, of valor and self-sacrifice, are likely to spring immortal paintings.

Mr. Saltus is one of the Carnival Committee of Nice, and has donated two ambulances, one from Nice, and one from Monaco to the Allied cause. He has also contributed in many ways to the needs of the men, and of the various army departments since the beginning of the war. A very dramatic incident of the war was related by Mr. Saltus connected with the great artist, Millet. On August 1st, 1914, he was at the little hamlet of Gruchy, in the Normandy forest, the birth-place of Millet. His friends Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwin Stanton, both American artists, although long residents of Paris, and owners of Millet's studio at Gruchy, were celebrating the 100th anniversary of Millet's birth, at the studio.

Bands of music, and military detachments from Cherbourg and Greville were present and taking part in the festivities. Gruchy itself has only about forty inhabitants all told. While the crowds from the neighbouring towns, visitors, and a descendant of Millet's were gathered in the studio, intent on celebrating the birth of the great artist, two gendarmes on horseback suddenly dashed up and dismounted. They at once posted notices of mobilization of the town, and inside of two hours the entire male population of Gruchy capable of bearing arms were on the march, together with all the available horses and donkeys in the town and its environs.

Mr. Saltus said he had the greatest difficulty imaginable in getting to Cherbourg afterwards, as the sole means of conveyance was a cart, and his drive through the midnight forest in this rude conveyance was an experience which he expected to carry with him permanently. He was fortunate in being able to catch the train to Paris, together with a few other passengers, but it was a long while before any other travellers from that part of the country were able to get transportation from point to point.

The transformation from a scene of gayety and rejoicing to the stern necessities of war was one never to be forgotten, and had in it some of the incidental settings of Byron's "Night before the battle of Waterloo." The response of the entire man-power of the little hamlet was a striking proof of the devotion of the French people to the cause of their country, and the valor of their soldiers is unconquerable. The very monuments to Millet at Gruchy and Cherbourg must have looked on with approval at this spirit. Mr. Saltus has received other honors from the French Government in addition to the order of Chevalier of The Legion of Honor, being Officer L'Instruction Publique, and Chevalier of Merit Agricole, these distinctions having been conferred on him during his residence in France. Mr. Saltus' late wife was a noted artist whose work attracted favorable comment in the French capital.

The superb equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, now standing at Riverside Drive and 93rd street in New York, owes its placing there to the efforts of Mr. Saltus, in which he was ably assisted by his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwin Stanton, of Paris, before referred to. The idea of having this statue produced and placed where it now stands originated with Mr. Saltus, and its erection was entrusted to Dr. George Frederick Kunz. The statue was unveiled on December 6th, 1915, and as the veil fell the statue was honored by a salute of heavy artillery. The French Ambassador, and many distinguished Societies and visitors were present at the unveiling.

This is the first equestrian statue of a woman, executed by a woman, in the United States. The sculptress was Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt. Competition was open to the world, and Miss Hyatt was the unanimous choice of the Judges. She is an American, of French descent. John B. Van Pelt designed and made the pedestal or base of the statue. The statue is bronze, and fourteen feet in height. The pedestal is remarkable for being partly constructed of stones from the tower of Rouen, where Joan of Arc was once confined. These were imported by Dr. Kunz, as was also a fragment of The Cathedral of Rheims, to form part of the base.

On his recent trip to the United States, General Joffre left his carriage on the promenade and placed a wreath of flowers on the statue of The Maid. The expenses of the statue were all raised by private subscriptions.



Statue of Joan of Arc, Riverside Drive, New York.

TEMPERAMENT AND FAME

By ROBERT ORDWAY FOOTE

YES, this road goes through to Calabasas," conceded Juan, wearily. If thoughts are expressed in looks he was most devoutly praying that the blonde beauty would soon move on with her gaudily painted roadster. But Juan had all the politeness of his race; he was standing, hat in hand, furtively eyeing his cigarette, and ill-concealing mental anguish for fear it would not outlast this interview.

"But is it an automobile road?" demanded she within the car.

"Oh, no," Juan had no hesitancy in replying. He knew quite well what an auto road was. The Topanga highway was one, and it had brought countless thousands of machines to his particular California mountains.

"Can an auto travel over it?" came with asperity from the girl.

"They have," Juan admitted.

"Then this one can," announced the fair goddess. "Nina Talbot isn't afraid to go anywhere."

Down a little declivity, across the tiny stream and out of sight around a curve dashed the flashy racing car while Juan, with a sigh of relief, resumed his seat and meditation as he rolled another cigarette. His actions would, could they have been noted, have constituted a distinct affront to Miss Nina Talbot, movie celebrity, who was at the moment telling her Boston toy terrier: "I guess the mention of my name will wake that sleepy greaser up, won't it, Snippy! Some of these hicks can't recognize a star unless she has her make-up on."

Snippy was too busy trying to keep his place on the seat as his mistress took the curves and dips, to sympathize even in dog fashion with her annoyance. And almost immediately his mistress herself became too busy keeping on the road that admittedly led to Calabasas, to waste further thought on the admirable indolence of Juan. It was a welcome diversion for her, for Nina Talbot had been a child of mental sorrow all that morning.

She had arisen betimes, which in motion picture circles means before eight o'clock, in order to be at the studio to take advantage of the unusually clear morning sunshine, and then as she was breakfasting, uttering the while caustic comment which had caused outbursts of Japanese profanity when repeated in the kitchen by her maid, there had come the telephone message from her director, telling her she need not report that morning. His excuse patently was flimsy. He had said a fog was drifting in from the ocean and there was no use starting work.

Nina Talbot had told herself, her maid, her dog, and sundry sympathetic pieces of furniture, that she knew just what this meant. They were trying to frighten her into a new contract. It was useless, she told her auditors with much emphasis; she knew her value. She might not have been a star as long as Mary Pickford, but she was just as well established.

The public was wild about her—didn't male representatives of it tell her so in countless notes? She was more beautiful than any of her competitors, wasn't she? An alarmed maid had hastened to confirm this impression. Old Goldstein was crazy in saying she was still a "comer," and must remain content with seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. She would do nothing of the sort. She had saved her money and she could retire if she felt like it. She would, too, if they did not pay her well for continuing. The studio was beginning to pall on her, anyhow. She wanted to travel and, perhaps, marry a man of untold wealth; to be a real lady instead of an imitation one in a movie scene. She would have no trouble in landing such a man. Every masculine eye in the world looked up at her through the medium of the screen with frank desire, every one, every single one!

With this spirited end to her monologue she had slammed the front door, climbed into her roadster, which had been put in readiness to take her to the studio, and had driven, in high dudgeon, out through the movie town of Hollywood to the San Fernando valley, and thence over the summit of the Topanga mountain highway toward the ocean. She was bent on confirming her suspicion that the reported fog was only a myth, ere she acquainted her company's manager with her intention to retire from the screen. And fog she had found none, when she had turned off the boulevard onto the winding mountain road.

She was successful, at least, in finding mental relief, and was beginning grudgingly to admit the justice of the Mexican's doubt of her ability to negotiate the tortuous "way through" to Calabasas, even though she be the redoubtable Nina Talbot, when she became aware of drops of moisture on her windshield. Glancing back the actress saw creeping upon her one of the sudden, thick, blanket-like fogs for which the coast mountains of California are noted. They come seldom, but in such density as is equalled in few other sections of America.

Miss Talbot lost all interest in the question of the proper ratio of motion picture salaries to popularity. She was more concerned with gear shifting, which was no easy task on a road that varied its grade every hundred feet, with the necessity for the next change concealed until she was upon it. Constant shifting began to wear on temperamental nerves. She noted that, after the habit of mountain roads, every dip in this one was followed by an incline. Had it been clear the girl would not have thought of going into low at the bottom of each little decline and now, in exaspera-

tion, she began shooting ahead on each declivity to gain momentum for the following climb.

At the bottom of the next drop, in the middle of the small stream, the angle of her car shifted most dangerously, its forward movement, with a groaning sound ended abruptly. Snippy landed on the floor, and the fair driver became aware that she had smashed a rear wheel against a boulder. Looking out she saw the 'dobe house before which she had encountered the Mexican.

"I'll bet he's out there now, straining his eyes for me, since he knows who I am," she told her pet.

But there was no Juan peering through the fog for a sight of the yellow hair that is said to photograph more beautifully than any other in the movies. Indeed, it took pronounced pounding on the rickety door to rouse the Mexican from the happy drowsiness into which he had fallen before his inviting open fire. In the presence of this simple creature Miss Talbot had no hesitancy in speaking her mind as fully as she had earlier in the day in her own household.

"Why didn't you hurry to let me in, I've had an accident. Didn't I tell you I'm Nina Talbot? Can't you recognize me now?"

Juan's bow was polite and his voice flowed like smooth honey, as he motioned the senorita to one of his antiquated chairs. But his words were as treason to an exalted emperor, for he said:

"I am sorry for the accident. I do not remember your name. Have ever I had the pleasure of seeing you before today?"

Never has movie actress more convincingly registered surprise than did Miss Talbot, halting in the act of taking the offered chair, her eyes growing wide as she regarded this smiling idiot. One look convinced her he was not pretending—his insult was more cutting than if it had been deliberate. Temperament, without the ment, succeeded astonishment, and the actress gave a demonstration that, had not the movies claimed her, she might have become an "emotional" star of the speaking stage. She spoke at length, the burden of her complaint being that such ignorant persons as Juan were allowed to live.

"Don't you ever go to the movies?" she concluded her tirade.

"Oh, yes, the pictures please me very much," answered the astonished Juan. "Many times I go all the way to Santa Monica just to see them, and I stay all day. But never have I seen you. Perhaps it is in the crowds you appear?"

"No, it is not in the crowds," was the only comment, and Nina Talbot quietly seated herself.

The girl was genuinely a creature of moods, and sudden depression had followed anger. Unthinkable as it was, here was a man to whom her face and figure were unknown. Of course, he was but an ignorant Mexican—probably he did not know any of the stars by name. She brightened a little at the thought and asked, "Do you like Charlie Chaplin?"

"Is he not, how you say it—droll?" answered Juan, and went off into paroxysms of laughter.

After a painful silence on Nina's part, induced by professional jealousy, she probed further. "Did you ever see Mary Pickford?" she asked.

"Yes, is she not beautiful!" responded Juan, soulfully.

Again silence followed, almost tragic in its intensity. Finally Nina, almost humbly, said, "At least you will admit I am handsome enough to be a great movie actress."

Juan was ever polite, but his tones did not carry conviction. "The senorita is beautiful enough to be anything." And then he marred even this doubtful effect by adding, candidly: "Myself, I do not care for the yellow hair like the black."

For a few moments the corrugations on Nina Talbot's brow indicated that she was deep in thought. It is thus that mental distress is conveyed in the motion pictures; but in this particular case the effect was naturally produced. Then she rose, manifesting the spontaneity which many critics maintain is her chief charm. Opening her purse she held out a five dollar gold piece to Juan, saying, "Here is a five for you if you will watch my car until I can send for it. What is your name?"

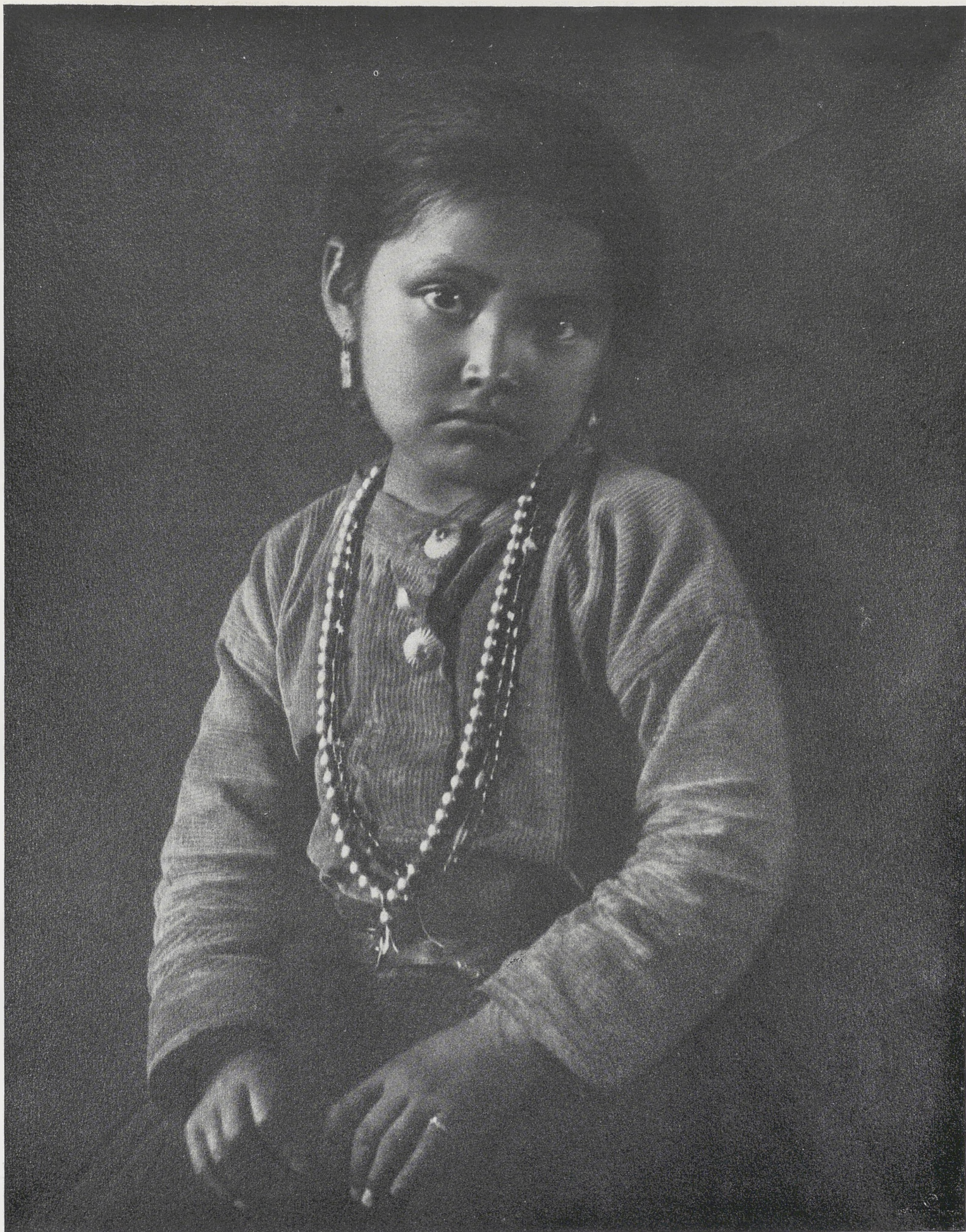
"Juan Lopez, and I will be glad to do it for nothing," replied the Mexican, taking care, however, to secure the coin before his speech was completed.

Nina looked out the window and remarked: "The sun is burning the fog off. I'll walk up the road to the Topanga boulevard and catch a ride into town. It can't be more than half a mile to the highway, is it?"

"Not so far," assured Juan.

They stepped outside and then, impulsively, the girl turned and held out her hand to the Mexican.

"You have done me a favor, Juan," she exclaimed. "That you are an ignorant mountaineer is offset by the fact that you live within twenty miles of where my most famous pictures have been made. No retirement for Nina Talbot; no, no, boy! I am going up and sign that new contract with old Goldstein. Of course, you don't know what I am talking about, but I do, which is the main thing. I'll show Mary Pickford, yet!"



Copyright, Karl Moon

“LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT”

In appearance, the wee Navaho Maid is a miniature of the Navaho woman. Her hair is done up as her mother does hers, and her costume, in cloth cut and color, is but a tiny counterpart of that worn by the older women. In the presence of a stranger the little Navaho maidens may look half wistful, half sad, but if the stranger becomes a friend he soon discovers a quite different expression and attitude, as no children in the world can play with greater abandon, laugh more heartily or be more highly amused with so little.

KARL MOON.

RINGS—TELEPHONE—ENGAGEMENT—CIRCUS—WEDDING

By ELIZABETH SOLOMON

TING ALING LING!!! That's supposed to be a telephone ring and usually interrupts us in the middle of things. As far back as the antiquated period when the Solitaire was the fashion as an engagement ring, that fool combination of words—ting aling ling—has been the accepted symbol of a bell ringing. I have nothing to say. I know you feel about it just as I do. Rounding up all rings, thro' family, genus, species, the ring known as Telephone is the most insistent and irresponsible of all Rings and the most exasperating branch of the family is the Party Line Tingaling. Oh! Those country cousins!



The Tingaling you have in your home is the dividend-producing progeny of a Corporation. True to type it is minus a heart; has wires in lieu of nerves and instead of mobile lips to which you press your own, its mouth has had all responsiveness and elasticity vulcanized out of it. Its cold, steely stare cardles into conventionality all the pretty things one longs to transmit. There is never any knowing what will follow its call, if you acknowledge it in the slightest, even by saying to it "Yes?" The reply may come like a bomb in a box of bon bons: "Send-my-husband-home-at-once!!!" Just-like-that!

And a delightful dinner is stopped right at soup and sherry. Sometimes I hate Tingaling. There come moments rare and radiant when Ting is a bit *sympathique*. He gurgles at your bedside at two a. m. (You carefully muzzled him in order to get some sleep) but you're halfway expecting the brush of an angel's wing and sleeping lightly, you gladly grab the cautiously calling Ting. You do not reply with the prosaic "Yes" you use in daytime, but softly whisper *Oui, oui* and sweet and low comes "*Je vous adore.*" Nothing more—but it is enough. Sometimes I could kiss that Telephone.

Platinum-and-Diamonds! That's the betrothal advertisement *à la mode*. That ring reveals that its wearer is considering, at least tentatively, making the big jump. That's the ring that throws the big jolt into you. If you are the one who buys it, your bank balance wobbles. Gone are the days of the simple solitaire set in a slender circlet of gold. Our horizon is broadening, my son. It requires several diamonds to make an engagement ring *à présent*, just as a single swallow does not make Spring.

The platinum-and-diamond ring acts as the greatest mental anaesthesia however, when you think you have met HER. You have it all arranged and—she takes her hand out of her muff, or draws off her glove and—there IT is!

Nothing more—but it is enough.

Sometimes I could kiss that Telephone.

ACTION!
CAMERA!!

The Plain Band: This ring means much to you (at first!) whether you slipped it to her yourself at the foot of the altar-steps, or whether you discover it under the same conditions listed above in connection with the engagement ring. However, the circlet that symbolizes the signed, sealed and certified contract is not so detrimental to your dreams as the engagement ring. With the plain band, you have more of a chance—on three counts. Death, Divorce and Disillusionment make the terrible trinity, any one point of which is—sufficient for you. And most always one or the other is present.



And, remember! In all the glorious galaxy, the goddess, who has been bound down like a galley-slave, is likely to be the gladdest and gayest of them all.

Sawdust and Peanuts: Beautiful ladies flying through hoops! Oh! Bee-ute-iful! Clowns and donkeys and elephants—and rhincroseruses!!!

The lilacs are in bloom and you've won all Zeb's crockies and Tim's aggies and played hooky twice last week. An' more'n that, the mudcats are beginning to bite. Just hear that calliope!

If only the opera could send half the thrill down your spine! If Winter Gardens could only waft the fragrance of delicious awe and wonder and sweetness that springtime Circus Day used to. Dear Ring-around-a-Rosy days, when "King William was King James' son." Dear days when nobody dressed for dinner—it wuzn't dinner nohow, it wuz supper and pieplant pie and sassafras tea made you forget the sulphur-and-m'lassus Ma made you swaller fore breakfast—and sometimes you play in luck and sneak to bed without washing your feet * * * *There goes that phone!*

"Yes, yes, Madge, * * * Gladly! * * * No, I haven't a thing. I'll take all three of them. How would they like the Hippodrome? * * * Bully! no, they *don't* bore me. Anyway I'd be mad about them because you are their mother * * * tut tut" (That's what old bachelors always say when someone says something sweet to them, but it doesn't sound much like its spelled) "You do say it sweetly, Madge. God bless you! The three of them—this afternoon."

RINGS OFF.

Ting aling ling rings the Telephone on the Editor's desk. But he, Faithful Servant with the knowledge of Work Well Done pauses to light a cigarette. As the sulphur fume curls, he says: "There, thank God and the Advertiser, another issue safely on the press."

Then with motion *blasé* and a fugitive notion of an afternoon on the Golf Club links, he languidly takes down the receiver. A vulgar voice from the Press Room snarls: "Quick, send me down some twenty lines to fill this pesky space, the magazine must go to press p. d. q. and this fool thing, RINGS, don't fill a page."

Snap goes the receiver onto its hook. That Editor knows his Master's

Voice. Now, what he thinks about *Rings* is too succinct and graphic to fill space. Long ago he was thrilled by the circus ring, often jarred with Engagement rings, deadened by a wedding ring or two, lost his bet at the side of the ring, that is square, and what he thinks about daily telephone rings will never fill space—at least not in his own polite magazine.

But, he, the Kindly Editor has an idea—the first in, well, you, who regularly read this magazine, may be the judge of that! Tilting his cigarette at a vicious angle, he rings up the Woman Who Writes and *non-chalantly* repeats the press-room words.

W. W. W. Serves you right, you know how you always cut my stuff.

K. E. That's my editorial prerogative, you know.

W. W. W. —————.

K. E. I've told you if you didn't quit that, they'll take your telephone out, even if you do say it in

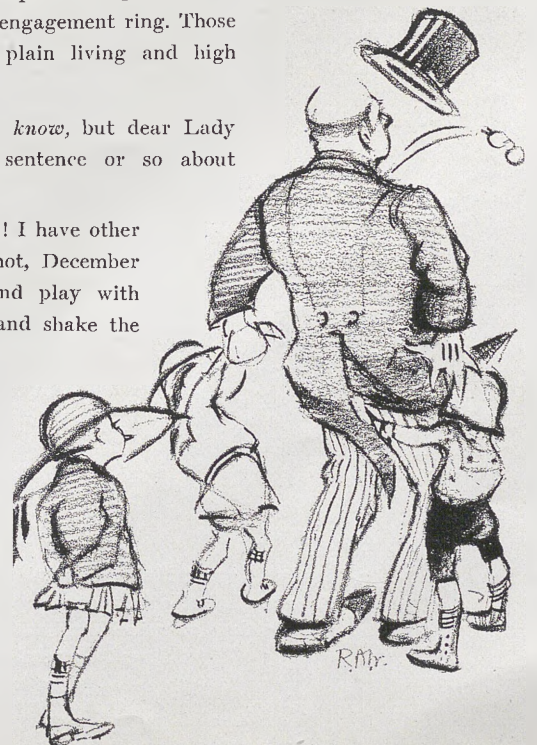
French.

W. W. W. Well, then, don't bother me about Rings. I've outgrown circus rings; I hate telephone rings, I threw my wedding-ring far, far away and never had an engagement ring. Those were the days of *his* plain living and high thinking, you know.

K. E. No, I don't *know*, but dear Lady with the Mss. say a sentence or so about Rings.

W. W. W. But No! I have other plans for this blazing hot, December day. I'm going out and play with the lizards in the sun and shake the pepper out of the pepper tree. Tell the Snarly One in the Press-Room that when I wrote RINGS OFF at the bottom of my Mss. it was my *dernier cri* on the subject.

RINGS OFF.



AMONG US MORTALS

THE AMATEUR BILL OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

Drawn by W. E. HILL



Helen, wife of the keeper of a long-shoreman's dive on the Great Lakes, has just confessed that although faithful in the flesh, she has been untrue in spirit, having held communion with a soul mate. Very popular theme with amateur societies.



The mystic play in which Miss Timmons, the author, has solved the riddle of the universe, called "Surging Dawn," and showing Stage Director Ronald Gulp's novel moonlight effects. Not for the man who used to think Anna Held in "Miss Innocence" was about right.



Oh, my dear, don't think so the whole thing should be played in a higher key. The tempo of the scene is wrong.



Dramatic critic who has lost his hat and is going to be very caustic in his review of the plays.



The atmosphere of the "Wee Theatre" is not all that it should be, for the noise of the taxi stand has to be shut out, and when the lady on the stage says that she is stifled, and crushed, and smothered, and longs for the free air, the audience is with her heart and soul.

Mrs. Rose Wurzel, socialistic writer, and Rollo Lust, very free verse advocate, handing the drama a few jabs during the intermission.



The misunderstood wife, who is about to lead her own life and go away forever, all because her husband was not man enough to up and kill her when he discovered the "other man."



The socialistic playlet in which Vasliti, the heroine, solves the labor question, sex equality and psycho-analysis, all in one speech. Here we see her mother (who made up all by herself) and the drunken father listening to Vasliti tell about how she was made to have beautiful things, silks and sat-eens, and how the "very walls of this tenement are a curse upon mankind," etc.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

DO YOU remember back in your school days when promotion day was at hand and the very atmosphere seemed impregnated with the importance of the occasion? It was promotion day down at Linda Vista Friday last and somehow the event was remindful of those days, when the step-stones of school life, those fateful "report cards" were passed around the room amidst a potent silence. And in fact the resemblance is not dissimilar, for winning one's advancement in the great National Army involves tireless study, observation and the indefatigable application of all those faculties which were first trained in the school room. Promotion Day at Camp Kearny, however, brought the reward of a first lieutenant's silver bar to quite a number of Los Angelans, and furthermore, for the first time in our country's history, the second lieutenants are given a bar of gold with which to designate their rank. Stewart Edward White, former captain of the "Grizzlies" won his promotion to the rank of Major, while the same rank was achieved by Archibald Johnson, son of Senator Hiram Johnson, and formerly a captain of the 144th Field Artillery. Chevy Chase, whose friends in California are legion, skipped a grade, being advanced from the rank of a second lieutenant of the "Grizzlies" to that of a captain. Captain Chase is a Stanford graduate and one of the most popular of the University's alumni. The versatility which he manifested in his college days is being directed now into the multitude of exactions for the making of a good officer. The silver bar of a first lieutenant was achieved by Lieutenant Fred J. Reynolds, son of Mrs. Sue B. Reynolds of Los Angeles, and a nephew of Governor Stephens. Lieutenant Reynolds who is of the 143rd Field Artillery has, by his promotion, been transferred to Headquarters Company where he is commissioned as an "aerial observer." Lieutenant Paul Thompson, also of Los Angeles, and attached to "A Battery" of the 143rd Field Artillery, was advanced in rank from a second to a first lieutenantcy. He is one of three sons whom the Archie Thompsons of Los Angeles have given to the great National Army. Archie Thompson, Jr., is in France with the engineer corps, while the youngest of the brothers, Vernon, who is only eighteen years of age, is in the Quartermaster's Corps in Jacksonville, Florida. He entered the service as a civilian employee, later enlisting. Joe Weston, another Los Angeles boy, has also won his promotion from a second to a first lieutenant. He is back with "A Battery" again, having been transferred from "F Battery." Lieutenant Weston, several years ago, was a private in "A Battery," so that his transference is a sort of return to his first love. A brother, Jean Weston, who is with the regulars down in Texas, and who also was formerly a private in "A Battery," has also won his silver shoulder bar, having been made a first lieutenant. And still another young Los Angelan is listed among those who were given promotions in rank last Friday, Lieutenant Harold S.

Perkins now being saluted as a first instead of a second lieutenant.

Mr. and Mrs. John Milner of Berkeley square, who went east several weeks ago will pass New Year's Day with Mr. Milner's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michod in Chicago. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Doheny, Jr., in Washington over Christmas. While in New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Milner attended the wedding

Club several days ago. On Thursday, December 27, Mrs. Mary Briggs of West Adams street was hostess, entertaining with an elaborate card party for Mrs. Harlow. Each week during the visit of Captain and Mrs. Harlow will see charmingly informal affairs given in their honor.

Another engagement which was a surprise to their many friends, was made known several days ago when Dr. and Mrs. John Willis Baer of Linda Vista avenue, Pasadena, entertained with a luncheon at which time they announced the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Mildred Baer to Mr. Richard D. Davis, Jr. Miss Baer is one of the most popular members of the younger social set in the Crown city. She attended Occidental College during the time her father was president and later she attended the Bishop's school for girls at La Jolla. Mr. Davis is a graduate of Occidental and it was while they both were students at this college the romance began. Mr. Davis is now stationed at San Pedro with the naval reserves. No date has yet been named for the wedding.

One of the distinguished visitors in California is former Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks, who with his daughter, Mrs. John Timmons and the latter's small son, George, arrived here from Indianapolis a few days ago for the winter. They will make their home in Pasadena, having taken one of the Hotel Maryland bungalows. Mrs. Timmons is the wife of the commander of the battleship Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairbanks, son and daughter-in-law of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, who live in Pasadena, are planning a number of informal affairs in honor of these visitors.

Mrs. James Adams of Chester place entertained at her home with a Christmas tea party, Saturday, December 22, inviting a large number of her friends for the afternoon. Another pretty party was given recently by Mrs. Frank Talbot when she entertained with a linen shower for Mrs. Lewis Winans of Los Angeles and Mrs. William Dunbar of Pasadena. Twenty-two guests enjoyed the occasion.

One of the enjoyable affairs given during the holidays was the dancing party given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Wotkins of South Pasadena as a compliment to Miss Eileen Reedy of San Francisco, who is passing the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord at their home in Santa Monica. Miss Reedy is an attractive girl and several other pretty affairs are being planned for her entertainment.

Among the prominent Los Angelans who are celebrating their holidays in the east or north are Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, Miss Cecile and Miss Hortense McLaughlin, who have made Boston their mecca, making the trip in order to be near Eugene McLaughlin, Jr., who is stationed at the naval training school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Nadine de Ojeda to Mr. George Bliss Hermann, also of the bay city. The romance of these young people had



Steckel

MRS. GEORGE J. DENIS

One of Los Angeles' most prominent society leaders, now deeply engrossed in patriotic work. Mrs. Denis has received the signal honor of being one of sixteen women in the United States appointed to the National Women's Advisory Committee by Secretary Daniels.

of Miss Mary A. Thomas of Niles, Ohio, and Mr. James H. Waddell of Pittsburg, which took place December 12, at the Waldorf Astoria. Mr. and Mrs. Milner plan to be in their home in Los Angeles about January 8.

Any number of delightful affairs are being given in honor of Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow, who are here from Washington, D. C., for a part of the winter. Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn complimented them with a dinner at the Bolsa Chica

its beginning at Long Beach last summer. Miss de Ojeda being one of the most popular and attractive visitors there during the season. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead have returned to their home in Los Angeles following a visit with their son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Thomas I. Stern in Fort Columbia, Washington. Shortly after their return they were visited by Captain and Mrs. Stern who were passing through the city on their way to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego. Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Warren, another son-in-law and daughter of the Woodhead's have returned to their home in San Jacinto, after a pleasant visit of a few days with Mrs. Warren's parents.

One of the charming New Year's Eve weddings was that of Mrs. Jessica Clark and Rev. William H. Cornett, both of Santa Monica. The wedding was celebrated at the First Presbyterian church in Santa Monica, where the bridegroom is pastor, and the wedding was the social event of the season in the Bay district. The bride is one of the best known women in Santa Monica and is a member of many clubs as well as prominent socially. Rev. Cornett has been pastor of the large and fashionable First Presbyterian church of Santa Monica for the past ten years. The marriage last evening was the happy culmination of their friendship and romance.

Christmas at Hotel del Coronado was one of the most delightfully enjoyable in the history of the famous watering place, each day being filled with interesting events which made the perfect whole. Saturday preceding Christmas Day, the second of the series of winter tea dances was given in the ballroom, which was especially attractive in its holiday decorations. A program of aesthetic dances was presented by Miss Florence Gustav and Mr. Jack Holland, who had just arrived from New York City, the "Jazz Dance" to the music of the "Strutters Ball" being particularly encored and enjoyed. There were innumerable parties arranged by charming hostesses, at every tea table officers in uniform being honored guests.

Miss Marjorie Dilworth entertained a merry party of twenty guests and Mrs. Martha Kryder Hopkins, the new hostess of the hotel, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Flower and Mr. Henry C. Flower, Jr., of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Beecher, Mr. Hudner, Miss Florence Gustav, Mr. Holland and Lieutenant Evans Cheeseman.

Later in the evening Mrs. Hopkins presided over a Christmas dinner party, the center of the table holding a miniature tree with all the "trimmings" and at each place a crimson satin ribbon extended to the base of the tree and a gift was attached to each end. Clusters of royal poinsettias hid the gifts and hand-painted sketches marked places for eighteen guests, the guests of honor being Miss Florence Gustav and Mr. Jack Holland.

Monday afternoon the Christmas tree with which Hotel del Coronado has for

many years given in honor of the children of Coronado was arranged in the spacious ballrooms. Every year five hundred children, rich and poor, are entertained by the Hotel and gifts for each little tot as well as candy and ice cream are the order of the afternoon. A special program by the children of the Hotel del Coronado Beach school was given, including dances and the singing of the Christmas Carols, after which the lights went out and Santa Claus with little Miss Santa Claus, Jr., appeared at a window, on the balcony and a ladder was put up for their coming down. The program concluded by the singing of "Over There" by everybody.

Christmas night there were any number of dinner parties given, each table in the dining room having for its centerpiece a miniature Christmas tree.

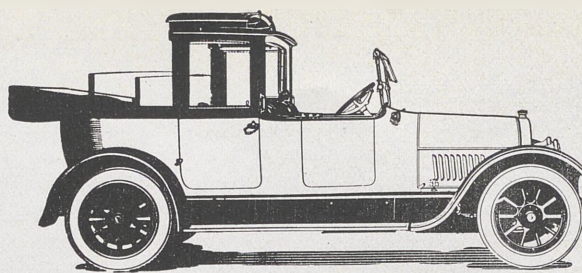
Lieutenant and Mrs. Egmont Koenig, whose marriage was one of the events of December in Los Angeles, were guests of honor at dinner parties both Christmas eve and Christmas night. Mrs. Koenig was formerly Miss Kathleen Kavanagh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kavanagh of South Serrano street. After several weeks visit at Hotel del Coronado, Lieutenant Koenig and his wife will be at home to friends in San Diego.

Among the features of the coming season will be the Ball of All Nations which will be given at Hotel del Coronado, Saturday evening, January 12, when the costumes will be unique and there will be many attractive features in the evening's program.

Coming as a pleasant surprise to their large circle of friends both in Los Angeles and San Francisco is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Amy Long, daughter of General Oscar Fitzalen Long and Mrs. Long of Piedmont to Lieutenant Charles Sutton of Pasadena. The news was first told at the home of the bride-elect, at a luncheon, which she was giving for her house guest, Miss Marjorie Henderson, of Elko, Nevada. Miss Long, who has never been formally introduced in society, has given much of her time to war work. Lieutenant Sutton is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. He received his commission at the first training camp, since which time he has been at Camp Lewis, American Lake. No date has been set for the wedding, which may be another surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Paulin and their two young sons, David and William Bryant of Imperial, were holiday guests of Mrs. Paulin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVay of West Twenty-eighth street. The many friends of Mrs. Paulin will be pleased to know she is convalescing after an illness at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Lieutenant Robert Gephard Meyler and Mrs. Meyler, whose marriage was an event of November 8, are now happily located at Rock Island, where Lieutenant Meyler is stationed. Mrs. Meyler was formerly Miss Helen Pendleton Jones, attractive and talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of West Twenty-eighth street.



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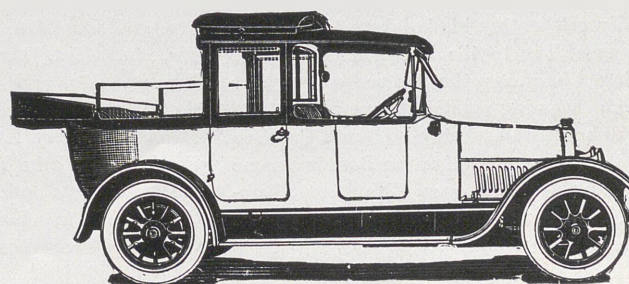
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE has been celebrated with much of its wonted cheer. For the nonce Los Angeles and other of the Southern California cities have donned their gala attire and entered into the holiday festivities with a zest that is emphasized, rather than diminished by the more serious side of life we have faced during the twelve months, which were ended with yesterday. Christmas characterizes the spirit of giving, and for many months past each and every loyal American has been learning how to give to the utmost, not only in a material way, but of his time and of himself as well. And none of the preceding drives has brought forth a more generous and enthusiastic response than the present "holiday-cheer" drive, inspired by the return home of hundreds and thousands of soldier boys on Christmas and New Year Day furloughs. Scarcely a household but has welcomed home for festive feting a stalwart soldier son, brother or husband and despite the tinge of sorrow which over-shadows the world, there has prevailed a combined spirit of Christmas cheer and Omar Khayyam philosophy, and Los Angeles tomorrow will send off her soldier sons with a smile and the memory, to cherish in the dark adventurous days ahead, of this holiday week. Sharing in the festive calendar of events with the furloughed Army and Navy men, has been the host of young school and college students who have returned from their studies for the Christmas vacations.

Since an approximate three-quarters of the boys from Camp Kearny were given special leave of absence for Christmas and New Year's Day and nearly as large a percentage poured into Los Angeles from San Pedro, and the Presidio at San Francisco, it would be impossible to chronicle a list of the young men who have been the incentive for the merry round of parties, informal dances, dinners en famille and otherwise, and of course the school and college students, home for the holidays, have not been neglected in the feting. George Hugh Banning, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, who came down from the Presidio, was greeted by a host of friends at an informal affair given Christmas afternoon by his parents at the Banning's beautiful entertainment hall on South Hoover Street. Christmas Eve, Captain Banning complimented his young nephew with a family dinner party, entertaining at his Compton Ranch. This interesting family circle, which numbers several of Los Angeles' most prominent residents, included the Hancock Bannings, the Joseph H. Bannings, the George S. Pattons, the Le Moyne Wills, the Sydney Wailes and their own individual families. Missing from the group, however, was Ensign Hancock Banning, Jr., who is patriotically celebrating his holidays "somewhere in France" according to the latest advices. The day following Christmas the entire party, with George Hugh Banning as the special guest of honor, left for several days' stay on Santa Catalina Island, into the history of which the Banning name has been inseparably interwoven. Lieutenant Robert Perry Johnson, son of the E. P. Johnsons, Jr., also returned to Los Angeles for the Christmas holidays with his parents, and quite naturally this

popular young army officer has been the recipient of much social entertaining in an informal way. He has been stationed at American Lake since achieving his lieutenantcy. Another Christmas Day celebration was that given by Mrs. Morgan Adams at her Los Angeles home. The affair was a luncheon en famille and the occasion was made as merry as possible despite the fact that the family circle missed three of its masculine members. Lieutenant Morgan Adams is at present "somewhere in France" or en route there, while Volney Howard and Herbert Howard are also in

Mrs. George Wigmore.

Of interest to many friends is the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Jean L. Sloan and Mr. C. E. Chamberlin of Anchorage, Alaska. The wedding took place a fortnight ago. The bride, a former club and society woman of Pittsburgh, has passed her winters in Los Angeles for several years and has a charming circle of friends here. Mr. Chamberlin is with the Department of the Interior in the Alaskan Railroad Commission, and after touring California with his bride this winter Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin will return to Alaska and to his work in the spring.

Mrs. Florence Bassett of West Twenty-eighth street has as her house guests, her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Gardner. Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner have been touring northern California. Mrs. Gardner was formerly Miss Helen Bassett.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cunningham Sias, who went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, a few weeks ago to attend the marriage of their son, Lieutenant Donald Sias and Miss Elizabeth Helena Thorpe, have returned to their home at Corona.

Mrs. John Duncan Dunn, who has been visiting her family in Pasadena for several weeks, has returned to New York. Mrs. Dunn, who is the stepdaughter of Mr. Gaylord Wilshire, has won much success with her splendid contralto voice. She left her little daughter, Monica, at the Wilshire home for the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Beecher B. Ray and Mrs. Hunter B. Liggett, wife of Major-General Liggett, are among those who will pass the winter in Los Angeles. They have taken apartments at the Ansonia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Balogh have leased their home on Fifth avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Abe Ables, well known mining people from Nevada, who took possession the day after Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Balogh plan to take an extended eastern trip later in the winter.

Lieutenant Lawrence E. McDonald, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. McDonald of Los Angeles, has returned to San Francisco. Lieutenant McDonald received his commission as first lieutenant at the Second Officers' Reserve Training Camp and was assigned to the 63 Infantry, U. S. Regulars, at the Presidio.

One of the many holiday affairs which furnished delightful entertainment was the outdoor carnival which was given under the auspices of the East Hollywood chapter of the Red Cross, New Year's Eve. Dancing was one of the features for the evening's amusement, while other attractions included athletic contests, shows, cabarets and booths where all sorts of interesting things were sold. All for the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Tatum of Catalina street with their three small children are among those who are passing the holidays in San Francisco. They left the day before Christmas and while in the northern city will be the guests of Mrs. Tatum's brother, Mr. J. B. Murphy. Mrs. Tatum was formerly Miss Terese Murphy. The Tatum's will return soon after the New Year.



G. Edwin Williams

MISS MONA WOOD

The youngest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Modini-Wood's trio of charming daughters.

Miss Wood is one of the younger set, home for the holidays from Bishop's School for Girls at La Jolla.

the service. Mrs. Adams' guests included her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Miss Lillian McCarthy, Mrs. James J. Mellus, Miss Katherine Mellus, Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Howard.

There were other Christmas dinner parties, too numerous to chronicle. The C. W. Rogers of West Adams street, Los Angeles, entertained their son, Charles Rogers and his bride, their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Augur; Mr. and Mrs. Loring Rogers and Mr. Harry Rogers. Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason entertained that day also. Mrs. Harry Robinson of Beverly Hills, the Harry Lombards, Mr. and Mrs. George Beveridge and the Michael J. Connells were among the day's hosts and hostesses, and one of the principal events in which the younger set participated was the informal tea dansant given by Miss Marion Wigmore at the home of her parents, Mr. and

THE BUBBLE'S REQUIEM

By Ruth Sterry

On New Year's eve the champagne corks
Will sound a merry strain
To usher in a dry New Year,
They'll pop this strange refrain:—
Oh drink, good fellows, drink again!
John Barleycorn let's toast,
Then break the glass and say Amen—
Next year 'twill be his ghost
We'll have amongst us New Year's eve
(Los Angeles goes dry)
So celebrate; No bottle leave!
Let spirits all run high!
Ah, pull the cork and drink, old dear,
Aye, fill all glasses to the brim!
Yet each good fellow'll drop a tear
As he quaffs this toast to him:—
Oh Barleycorn, goodbye from us!
The golden bubbles rise
And make our hearts mellifluous.
Our laughter filled with sighs!
You've been a jolly pal times past,
We sing your dirge with sorrow,
But little time you have to last,
Here's How—until tomorrow!
This New Year's eve we celebrate,
Abandonedly each buys—
Who cares if he's inebriate?
Next March old Bacchus dies!

THE MANDARIN

THERE was a funny little mandarin
And he sat on a funny little stand,
And he held a pretty little ivory fan,
In his funny, pudgy little hand.
And he wobbled his head from side to side,
And shut his eyes, as he loudly cried:
"Oh, I am a Chinese mandarin,
And I sit on teak and I grin and grin,
And in spite of my smiles and in spite of my grins
I know about life and men and things,
And all about sundry happenings,
It's the man that grins is the man that wins.
We all have our trials, both beggars and kings,"
Said the little Mandarin with his funny little grin.
"Now take for instance just last night,
As I sat beneath the electric light,
I heard a dog go bow-wow-wow
And a tortoise-shell cat caterwaul meow.
When a spotty dog and a tortoise-shell cat
Go bow and yow there will be a spat.
And sure enough, the spat began,"
Said the little Chinese mandarin man.
The lady that owns me was dressed so gay,
With jewels and furs and a far away
Look in her lovely sapphire eyes
Of blue as deep as the azure skies.
And the look and the furs and the pearls by Heck!
That shimmered and glimmered around her neck
Were not meant for her husband for to please,
He was far away in Los Angeles.
And my dear little lady's eyes so bright
Star-gleamed for another man last night.
Why things just happen as fast as they can,"
Said the grinning little Chinese mandarin man.
"Now just you take it from me," he said,
We're a short time alive and a long time dead.
And life is just one round of joy
If we make it so," said the Chinese toy.
"And if life is sad and if life is slow,
It is just because we make it so,"
Said the funny little mandarin man
As he sat on his funny little stand,
And held a pretty little ivory fan
In his funny, pudgy little hand.
And the little Chink exclaimed "Whew!" and "Whee!"
As he told this funny little tale to me.
And I said: "Little mandarin man do tell
Why you speak American slang so well."
And the Chink replied: "It's this way you see,
I've been a long time in Amerikee."

William Van Wyck.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

ANOTHER important wedding which is of interest to the social set both in Los Angeles and Hollywood was that of Miss Phyllis Beveridge and Mr. Clair Benton Brunson. The marriage was celebrated Thursday afternoon, December 13, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Philo J. Beveridge, 6427 Hollywood boulevard, the Rev. J. Arthur Evans, rector of St. Stephen's Church officiating, in the presence of the immediate relatives only. The bride, who is a charming girl wore a smart suit of black velvet and a stunning taupe hat, her corsage bouquet of orchids completing a remarkably attractive costume. Following the ceremony a handsomely appointed wedding supper was given at the Los Angeles Country Club by the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Brunson left the same evening for San Francisco. Mr. Brunson is to enter the U. S. aviation service and during the five months' training Mrs. Brunson will make her home at Berkeley to be near her husband until he is ordered to France. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. Philo J. Beveridge and the late Mrs. Ida Wilcox Beveridge, one of the greatest benefactors of Hollywood. She is a graduate of the Immaculate Heart College at Hollywood and the Bishop's School for Girls at La Jolla. Since her graduation from the latter school, Mrs. Brunson has given much of her time to Red Cross and other charitable work. Mr. Brunson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Brunson of Serrano and Fifth streets, Los Angeles.

Some one has said that it never rains but it pours, and that some one was about right, for surprises never come singly. Another wedding which came as a surprise to their many friends was that of Miss Laura Calhoun Anderson, the talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Victoria Park drive, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Lee Slessinger of San Francisco. The marriage took place Tuesday, December 4, from the home of the bridegroom's mother, in Palo Alto, the service being read in the Episcopal church there and witnessed by members of the Kappa Gamma Sorority at Stanford, where the bride was a senior, and Lieutenant Slessinger's family. Both the young people are of famous southern families, the bride being a great-granddaughter of John C. Calhoun and a niece of the Princess Lazarovitch, formerly Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who is now with her husband in New York. Lieutenant Slessinger, who is a First Lieutenant in the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is a great-nephew of General Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Slessinger formerly attended Marlborough School in Los Angeles and later graduated from the High School in Santa Monica where the Andersons formerly resided. The young people had been engaged for some time and a large wedding was to have been given at the bride's home here following her graduation, but the war and war orders, constantly change many plans and this, like other weddings of recent date, was hastened.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Walter Furman of New York upon the arrival of a small son, whom they have given the name of David. Mrs. Furman will be remembered as Miss Gertrude Workman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Workman.

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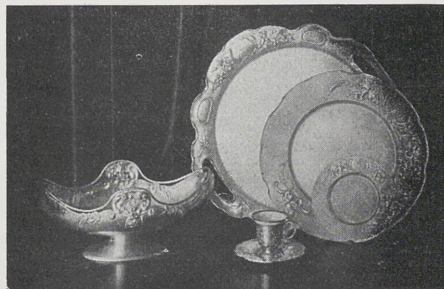
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A NEW VIEW OF MODERN ART

By Wm. L. JUDSON

A MOST encouraging sign of reaction from the recent outrageous vagaries in the name of art comes in the attitude of all conservative magazines dealing with art questions.

For some time after the astounding irruption of new art in New York three years ago it seemed as if art critics did not know whether to laugh or curse. Some did both, but a few took the matter seriously, and earnestly hailed the movement as an epochal advance in modern art development.

Now comes an eminent alienist, no less an authority than Theo. B. Hyslop, M. D., C. M., F. R. S., etc., declaring that all such manifestations as the work of so-called futurists, cubists, etc., are the well-defined stigmata of mental aberration.

"Post Illusionism and Art in the Insane" is the suggestive title of an illuminating article in the October Art World.

With unassailable logic he develops the principle that all of the ultra modernism and post impressionism in art is evidence of degenerate mind or a malingering imitation of it by those whose mental equipment permits them to be influenced by the work of this peculiar brand of paranoiacs.

At this date we have all become fairly familiar in public galleries and elsewhere with the striking symptoms of this latest neurasthenia and have almost ceased to wonder. It is with joy that we observe indications of the natural and inevitable reaction towards a saner appreciation of the true meaning of art and a corresponding disesteem of what must now be regarded as the incoherent ravings of disordered intellect.

We must not lose sight of the truth that graphic art is a language. A picture which does not present an idea is mere babble. A picture which does not appeal to the intellect, arouse the imagination, or stir the emotions, no matter how well it may be painted, has the value of a page from a spelling book or at most is the artistic peer of "Mary had a little lamb."

The truth is that many modern painters have been so obsessed with the technic, the grammar of art, that they have lost sight of its purpose. So absorbed are they in astonishing each other with their brilliant handling or original ways of splashing color that they have forgotten the man on the street, the man who, theoretically, the display is primarily intended for and who, by the way, is expected to provide the meal tickets for these same painters.

From this viewpoint it is a fair statement that the leading characteristic of current painting is triviality. While color may be admirable, composition fine and handling even brilliant, the first five minutes of contemplation is usually sufficient. The picture has nothing more to say. The visitor passes on and does not return. One picture in ten thousand perhaps may have a message, a suggestion, or a vital truth which strikes home to the heart, which arrests and holds the attention, which haunts for days and weeks and brings the visitor back again and again, which will be talked of everywhere and will be remembered with appreciation for years afterwards. Every picture which is worthy the name of fine art will have this quality in a greater or lesser degree. It must have something to say which someone wants to hear.

"Behold me! How clever I am" is the banal and customary shout of contemporary art. "True. You are right" we say. We nod and pass on.

It was in 1884 that the first serious Salon des Arts Decoratifs was held in Paris. It was a year or two later that the "bars were let down" as the phrase went at the time, and fine art and decorative art were hung together. Up to that time no work not reasonably representative of nature was admitted to any dignified exhibit. Since that time decorative art has come more and more into public tolerance if not esteem until liberty has become license, and we find decorative art loudly proclaiming itself as fine art and culminating in the debacle of futurism. Beauty is the fundamental principle of art of any name.

Modern research, especially in the exhaustive analysis of color, has added immensely to the power of expression in paint and is the one admirable thing we willingly admit we owe to the impressionists and the earlier modernists.

Beauty of color is a desirable thing in itself and well worthy of sincere admiration. A sequence of color harmonies, like a series of sound harmonies in music, has power to stir the emotions. Even a melody may be expressed in color as in sound and if painters ever become trained to that perfection in color sensitiveness we may expect to derive from pictures the same soul-stirring emotions we are familiar with in the music of the masters, but rare indeed it is we find a canvass expressing truly a single resonant chord much less the power of a symphony. An Abbey or a Sargent may produce it occasionally but men of that calibre are rare.

"Nature sings in tune" frequently, Whistler to the contrary notwithstanding, and nature's harmonies and nature's moods are all-sufficient themes to inspire the artist of vision to his supremest efforts. There is no need to invent arbitrary schemes of color or conventional arrangements of mass and line, no matter how beautiful they may be. Nature's joyousness, her sadness, her menace, her comforting warmth, her overwhelming majesty of mass or space are the things which appeal to the imagination and the emotions, and which leave an impress far more profound and more enduring

than any color arrangement which merely tickles the eye.

Add to all this a color of the evasive subtlety and ethereal beauty of nature's self and convention at once becomes banal and distasteful.

The great art of all periods has been an interpretation or a revelation of the spirit of its times. If the spirit of our time is one of frivolity there is nothing more to be said, no fault to be found with contemporary art on this ground; but if the tremendous political upheavals of our time mean anything, if the discoveries, the inventions, the growing religious freedom mean anything, if the most stupendous and pregnant war of all history means anything it is time for sculptors and painters, architects, musicians and poets to sound the reveille and get into line.

Is it possible that the newspaper "strip" cartoon is a correct gauge of public taste in art and if so where lies the responsibility? In the days of Josh Billings bad spelling seemed to be thought witty. Even conceding that we may occasionally find a joke concealed under this camouflage, could it not be more acceptably told with good drawing? Does anyone really find pleasure in the uncouth ugliness of the figures which parade themselves, ostensibly for the delight of the kiddies, in the "funny" section of the Sunday papers! Poor kids!

True enough some cartoonists are doing effective work in a sane and rational way, but no artist can be excused for bad drawing, and no matter what the theme, whatever may be done in the name of art it must have beauty. Without beauty it becomes the unpardonable sin.

Roses and cabbages, kettles and dead fish, Indian heads and other heads, inventories of mountains, trees, cliffs are all very well as spots of decorative color on the walls. They have their use and accomplish it admirably.

The love of beauty is inherent in human nature and the desire for it is akin to hunger. Mere decoration means pretzels or perhaps ice cream or chewing gum. Mature minds may willingly dally with desserts and confections, but for soul pabulum they demand something more substantial. Witness the works of a generation ago when painters were fewer and ideals were higher. Where for instance shall we find the recent counterpart of the reverent landscape work of George Inness, or the soul searching poems in paint of Israels or the romantic charm in "The Lady of Shalott" a picture able to bring tears to the eye by its sheer beauty, or the ringing note of heroic manhood in Sir John Gilbert's work.

Every great war history has been followed by a period of great revival and advance in the arts. Fine art had its most recent culmination thirty years ago. Happily it has now passed its azimuth of abasement, so we have reason to expect a gradual appreciation of ideals, and when the war is over a blossoming out of an art finer than the world has ever known, a day that shall be truly "The flower of all its yesterdays."

MANHATTAN SONNETS

SOUTH FERRY AND BOWLING GREEN

The great red-rusted ships creep in from sea,
And grave-eyed, patient aliens find a home.
That they might have the fruits of liberty,
They passed beyond long, weary wastes of foam.
The harried trains rush grumbling overhead,
Beneath the street the shuttle-cars fly fast.
Where George the Third once lorded it in lead,
The velvet sward is green, as in the past.
Here Mammon rears his mighty towers on high,
Templed in myriad shapes the gleaming walls
Dare to essay the limits of the sky—
Crowded, majestic, slender business-halls.
And up the narrow canon of Broadway
Flutter a hundred hundred flags today.

William Van Wyck.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

Gay belles in flounces, and beruffled beaux
Once sauntered through the flower-bordered square,
Haughty or purse-proud, mincing, pompous, slow,
Preening or smirking as they took the air.
Now on the benches alien mothers mild
(Dreaming of summer lands and summer seas)
Croon as they nurse a pale or fretful child
Panting for air, the whiles a laggard breeze
(Creeping belated, and its fetid breath
Fraught with the misery of tenement,
Clammy and cloying as the lips of Death)
Comes to the square reluctant and half-spent—
Square of old splendors, of forgotten days,
Wedded to poverty and alien ways.

William Van Wyck.

NEW YORK LETTER

By SHERLEY HUNTER

THE snow, the snow, the bee-utiful snow" will soon be here. You can feel it in the air. It is bee-utiful until after it lights. New York is no place to come to enjoy snow. You awaken in the morning and see the soot sifting down on the white mantle—you see horses down, with great vans loaded with Christmas purchases. That is the eight o'clock sight. At ten o'clock the bee-utiful snow is piled up in the middle of the street and men are out with hoses washing off the pavement—to the gutter. Reiterate the fact—to the gutter. There the bee-utiful snow is full of water and pedestrians must take a running broad jump at every corner. Bush-whacker rubbers are no protection—you should have boots that go clear up to your neck—then you are not exempt. After you make the running broad jump—successfully or otherwise—and arrive in mid-street another pleasure is in store for you. It is this—every taxicab driver, truck driver and owner of a bronchic "lizzy" swerves over your way that you may receive a nice shower-bath of liquidated, bee-utiful snow. The best place for snow is on post-cards.

The latest announcement of the Health Department shows an increase of nearly 100 per cent in the deaths from pneumonia for the past week over the same period two years ago. The Commissioner states that the increase will become greater unless the public co-operates more with the health board. Last winter a campaign was launched for open-windows while sleeping. Folk here are not used to the open-window idea. How different from the environment of Los Angeles!

Honestly, "cross-my-heart," there is really a new play opened here. Name—"The Gipsy Trail." Theatre—Plymouth. Success due to that person who produced "The Deluge" a few months ago to the appreciative few—manager Arthur Hopkins. "The Gipsy Trail" has a real newspaper reporter-man and his name is Ernest Glendinning. The lines have a blue-diamond sparkle and the acting tricks you into believing that it all is honest-to-goodness facts. Something else—there is a love scene all aglow with passion and without a taint of offence.

Something beautiful and barbaric in Batik art is a-front in every New York woman's mind. Even if that is as far as she can get with it. Studio-ish, doncha know?—neglige-enty, very skeery to reticent male persons who right off want to go to war or do something real huscular and cave-ish. The writer has never seen any of these-ah-smockish, neglige-enty affairs on woman fair, except in the window displays but he promises to "go 'round a bit more" henceforth and make a report. Then there is another creation called the "Carmen" dinner gown, with a Thanksgiving front and having a rus-

set slip that takes on the color of "strewn" wine as an *approach* is made to the feet, yet, this is Batty-ik also. Price?—\$345 until January first and then \$250, \$75, \$38 and \$19.67. It is only appropriate for the holidays, however.

It may be interesting to learn that many women in Los Angeles are sending to New York for their shoes this winter.

With the swirl and raw cut of the blizzard one can imagine what Halifax must be without a pane of glass. Somehow this one thing brings home the suffering more than telling of the wounds and starvation and helpless home people bereaved—many with their minds gone from the explosion's shock. Why was not a channel kept clear, a mere neck of water which you will note on your maps, when ships laden with explosives were passed through? The width of the Narrows between Halifax Harbor and spacious Bedford Basin, six miles by four, is less than half a mile. In this passage there is plenty of room if pilots keep their heads. Here is where the French munitions ship, Mont Blanc collided with the Belgian Relief Ship Imo—the former coming in for a safe anchorage—the latter passing out on an errand of mercy to Belgium. Such is irony. Also why was inflammable benzine allowed on the deck of a ship loaded with high explosives? You, who have to do with the Port of Los Angeles will find a lesson in the hell-raising disaster of Halifax—and you do not know when conditions will necessitate making your port a safety anchorage for munition ships. *Now is the time to prepare.*

It is interesting to hear the fair street-car conductoresses say, "Fare, please! Fare?" Almost every masculine customer gives the double meaning to the interrogation—and the rear end of the car is jammed all day.

Let's see—what else of interest?

Oh, yes!—to show that there has been no slackening of interest in the suffragists' organization more than ten thousand women voted in Tuesday's New York Suffrage Party Convention—the largest vote in the party's history.

You cannot believe in signs in New York. For instance the city is freckled with signs of rooms and apartments to let. Just respond to them—enter the welcoming doors and see how many varieties of beddy-bugs and bottomless promises, all bound round with a lease exaction, you can take home to consider. Oh yes, if you wish to pay \$2,000 or more a year you can have a kitchenette with a gas-stove and dishes for four people! Worth about \$40 a month.

Here is news to most of you. Los Angeles is the style center, the try-out place of fashion for this country. And right now this country is the style hub of the world. Several large concerns here use photographs of models appearing in advanced styles on the streets of Los Angeles.

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CENTS



THE LAW

Section 1273, Civil Code of California

WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

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example

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

*"I cannot think the glorious world of mind,
Embalmed in books, which I can only see
In Patches, though I read my moments blind,
Is to be lost to me.*

*I have a thought that, as we live elsewhere,
So will these dear creations of the brain;
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there
Take up my joy again.*

*O then the bliss of blisses, to be freed
From all the wants by which the world is driven;
With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of Heaven."*

FROM the MacQuarries of Ulva, a western Highland Clan, comes a doughty young Scottish lad, who, like these ancestors of many years ago is doing his share toward contributing to the making of the world history, and doing so with all the bravery and loyalty evinced by his famous forbears, e'en to Bonnie Prince Charlie himself. Such is Hector MacQuarrie, Second Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery and author of *How to Live at the Front*. He was educated at St. John's College, Auckland, New Zealand, and completed his studies at Caius College, Cambridge, England; after which he became actively interested in the College Settlement work, begun by some of the famous men of Cambridge, and to this devoted most of his time for several years, going among the very poor of East and South London, the hop pickers of Kent, and the fruit pickers of Norfolk, giving practical aid, and carrying always a bright cheery spirit. Then came War, to which call he immediately answered by enlisting in the 19th Hussars, and six weeks as a private was followed by a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, and nine months of training in England, then at last to France, with the best brigade in Kitchener's Army, where he experienced some of the bitterest fighting of the war. Finally, being invalided home, he was sent to America on duty and has published his book here. Lieut. MacQuarrie has injected into this wonderfully practical and helpful book, the atmosphere of his own personality—the spirit of genuine good humor, gallant courage, simple, wholesome wisdom, and a fund of normally acquired knowledge of his subject make his work a sort of humane Baedeker of the business of life in the Trenches, as there is no phase of war experience upon which he has not touched. It is written in a simple, straightforward manner which rings with conviction and authenticity, and at the same time has the charm of a well constructed and related narrative. Our young men who are embarking for some place "Over There" will find it invaluable—*How to Live at the Front*. J. B. Lippincott Co.



Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie, Author of *How to Live at the Front*

and infinite perils in the attempt to find some trace of the ill-fated Jeanette, her Commander, De Long, having perished with a number of his men after the crushing of his ship by the ice-floes, and also to ascertain, if possible, some trace of the whalers Mount Wollaston and Vigilant, reported missing from the northern whaling fleet.

The Captain of The Corwin, Calvin M. Hooper, was a brave, and at the same time a vigilant and cautious officer. How he took desperate chances, and still managed to reach Wrangell's Land, and return, are all graphically told in this intensely interesting story of the far North. As a friend and a close companion of Captain Hooper, Mr. Muir had every advantage possible for not only gathering every detail of the voyage, but he enjoyed special opportunities for studying the flora and fauna of the countries traversed. It is doubtful if any book on Arctic travel has touched so closely the characteristics and peculiarities of the Esquimaux as intimately and picturesquely as has this volume. Mr. Muir's broad humanity and his keen sense of perception and humor lighten nearly every page of the narrative.

A number of original sketches by the author are also of vital importance, and lend an added value to the book. Some of the observations are particularly unique and humorous. "Whaling english" as described by Mr. Muir, "consists of three-fourths profanity, and one fourth slang." Surely something original in the way of a language!

Mr. Muir's descriptions are strikingly beautiful, and even poetic, and we are brought to a pitch of seeing things marvelous and lovely passing before us as he writes. The tragedies of whole villages perishing from starvation are portrayed with grim brevity, none the less vivid from the lack of purple adjectives. There is a wealth of information about arctic conditions and surroundings in the story, and altogether it is one of the monumental books about the North and its weird and almost untranslatable silences. Mr. Muir's sketches are supplemented with a number of excellent photographs, and there is a scholarly and voluminous appendix which will be studied eagerly by both the scientist and the lay reader. Taken in its entirety *The Cruise of The Corwin* shows John Muir at his best as a writer and a scientist of eminence, and the book takes rank as one which is peer to the greatest of the human documents which have been given to literature by the pens of the hardy voyagers of the Polar regions. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE *Belgian Twins*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins is a very inter-

estingly told and well-written child's story detailing the adventures of two little Belgian children during war times. It is profusely illustrated with clever drawings, and the happy ending will be appreciated by its juvenile readers. There are some very vividly drawn chapters treating of the war, and altogether the story will please and interest both children and the "grown-ups." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE *Cruise of The Corwin*, by John Muir, edited by William Frederic Badé, is a story of adventure before which the fabled voyage of Jason for the Golden Fleece pales into insignificance. It takes the reader into new lands and strange, glamoured over by the mystery and fascination of the Arctic regions, and into lands where tragedy and comedy walk hand in hand.

Told in Muir's inimitable style, the narrative holds the reader firmly from the first to the last page. It is the tale of the stout whaling vessel Corwin, setting out on a forlorn hope journey through almost pathless seas

THE growing hold which Germany had on neighboring states before the outbreak of the war was largely economical. Hungary and other countries would have preferred to use French capital or American engineering, but the insistent and persistent Prussian was on the spot and was fastening his grip on commerce and industries. This is a book by a Russian describing how Germany worked in his country, organizing and merchandizing, ably and often unscrupulously. Its end is to invite American capital and energy to survey the field and take the place of the discredited Teuton, who deserves to lose the fruits of his labors. The new political friendship and alliance must depend largely on economic collabora-

tion to give it stability. Dr. Gourvitch's short treatise, clearly and forcibly written, is very timely. (*How Germany Does Business*. By Dr. Paul Pensac Gourvitch. B. W. Huebsch.)

THERE are letters and letters, and yet more letters, but it is seldom we find a book of letters which seem to be written to, and for the reader, as do those of Emma R. Taylor. She calls this sheaf of letters which is done into a delightfully artistic book, "The Last Mile Stone." The title does not ordinarily suggest cheerfulness, but beauty, cheer and quaint philosophy fill the pages, and leave little to be desired. She has the art of being serious in a cheerful way, and the Mile-Stones, (even the last one) have no terrors for her. "'Tis the last Mile-Stone of Life," she says, "And we want to be after getting a good footing on, for we can't go on, and there's no turning back, and the best of us are not ready to tumble off," and then straightway proves her own readiness, by quietly helping others to accept Life at its best. The story is of a frivolous society girl, who is sweetened by sorrows, and finds much joy in bringing happiness to others through the founding of an Old People's Home, conceived along new lines, a home where old age is robbed of its shadows and life is peace and content. The setting is picturesque, the love element dainty and sweet, and the touches of humor charming. Miss Taylor is of California, which she loves as do all who dwell therein, and the color and atmosphere which she creates is true as well as beautiful, but perhaps the strongest and most worth while things in this worth while book, are its sympathy and real humanity. As to book making—no words are needed. It is published by Paul Elder and Company.

IN *His Last Bow* by A. Conan Doyle, "Sherlock Holmes is with us once again, and as is usual, "Watson," the servile, asinine, easily mystified, all-bewildered Watson, acts as scribe. "Sherlock" has lost some of his verve, but "Watson" is just as convenient to have about the place as ever. There is a dog-like faithfulness about him. He is kicked and kicked and kicked and always comes up smiling. Then too there is that splendid untidiness about him, a stray lock, a match in his ear, a cuff-link missing, or mud on his trousers—these little carelessnesses about the person that come in so handily when "Sherlock" wishes to spout a few deductions. Then too, "Watson" in spite of his years and years of experience is as far from understanding the methods of his dear, splendid "Sherlock" as ever. This last volume of adventures seems to lack some of the old pep. Perhaps we are used to "Sherlock" by this time, but be that as it may, there is little left of the old thrill. The Great War has supplied thrills that make "Sherlock's" cases look like a three hour sermon. But although "Mr. Holmes" has lost much of his charm, "The Good Doctor" is as delightfully asinine as ever. The tinsel is somewhat tarnished and the bells do not jangle as merrily as before. (*His Last Bow* by A. Conan Doyle. The George H. Doran Company.)

W. V. W.

"MY Home in the Field of Mercy" by Frances Wilson Huard is most interesting. It is an account of the turning of a private home into a Red Cross hospital and the relief work that went on there. Although Madame Huard lacks the charm of Elizabeth Frazer, she has given us a book that is well worth reading. Her ability to rise above a lack of proper equipment is truly noble and the splendid work that she did for her wounded must always be remembered. The book is written in a nice, informal, chatty way and abounds in pleasant little word pictures of the inmates of the Chateau de Villiers. Moreover, it is exquisitely illustrated by the talented husband of Madame Huard. (*My Home in the Field of Mercy* by Frances Wilson Huard. The George H. Doran Company.)

W. V. W.

Germinal is life red and dripping; "King Coal" is life mummified. The book is so indifferently written, that it may justly be styled second-rate. (*King Coal* by Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.) W. V. W.

MY Story, being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold, by F. J. Stimson, (J. S. of Dale) is a book which will doubtless call up a storm of discussion. Benedict Arnold was a puzzle. His dearest enemy could not call him a coward, and yet his name is generally coupled with that of Judas Iscariot, and his name held up for detestation. The very first sentence in the book sounds like a shot from a cannon. "My family came of the best blood in England and were the leading citizens in New England until an unbridled democracy forced her to



Frontispiece from *The Last Milestone*, by Paul Elder Co.

"KING COAL" by Upton Sinclair is disappointing. In spite of the fact that the basis of the work is true, the book seems most unreal. It is either overdone or underdone. "Mary Burke" is not convincing and "Hal Warner" is vague. After finishing the book, I felt that I had seen a great drama played in silhouette. In his introduction, Dr. George Brandes compares *King Coal* with *Germinal*. But this is not fair, for Zola's work belongs to great literature and *King Coal* can never be more than ephemeral. No character in Mr. Sinclair's book stands out as does "Crache-noir" of *Germinal*. Nor has Mr. Sinclair the master-touch of Zola. The best drawn characters in "King Coal" are the three "Minettis" and "Mike Sikoria." The facts of the story are dramatic and startling enough, but they seem to have been muffled in their pres-

entation. *Germinal* is life red and dripping; "King Coal" is life mummified. The book is so indifferently written, that it may justly be styled second-rate. (*King Coal* by Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.) W. V. W.

sever all connection with her mother country". Nothing apologetic about that! Aristocratic by birth, habits and natural predilection, Arnold married a beautiful woman whose sympathies were all Tory. She was nineteen, and he was thirty-eight. *Cherchez le femme!* Peggy Shippen! A face like Helen's. *The face that built a thousand ships And burned the topless towers of Ilium.* Her husband has woven a tensely and thrillingly told chapter of American history in this book, and has chivalrously attempted to hide her evident influence on his very soul, but to those who know the paramount influence of a beautiful woman on the man she loves, and who loves her, his effort is in vain. "The woman tempted me, and I did eat"; that, after all is the crux of the book, although sedulously concealed. But even Benedict Arnold is entitled to his day in court, because

of the wounds he received as an American soldier in the fighting he did for America before his downfall. An extended review of this book would be superfluous. It is a human document, a drama of love, revenge, war and warring passions. No book relating to the American Revolution is more vividly written. Not to read it, not to know it, is, for an American, to acknowledge himself unknown. Chas. Scribners' Sons.

TERSE VERSE

BY WALT MASON

TWO Walts we have, of more or less renown
Whitman, who hands a noted record down,
And Mason, too, his front name's also Walt
Whose jingles lack not pepper, No! nor salt;
Whitman whose Muse ascends with thunderous sound
While Mason's Muse flies nearer to the ground.
Whitman, whose verse is quite devoid of form
And sometimes, Hem! grows tropically warm;
Mason, whose lilt flows on with even "chug"
Like butter-milk, slow-issuing from a jug;
And whose chaste thought, without one lax omission
Like Caesar's wife, is quite above suspicion.
Some folks prefer to read an Ancient Bard
Some like their poems by the "Pound", or yard;
Each of these Bards the public's plaudits voice
You pay your money and you take your choice;
And here my pen in sheer exhaustion halts
And leaves you free to choose between the WALTs.
A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago.

A SORT of handbook of the war, a lawyer-like investigation and compact presentation of all the evidence for and against both sides, both as to who caused it and as to how it is carried on, is ready for issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is by Leonard A. Magnus and is called *Pros and Cons of the Great War*. It epitomizes practically all the controversial literature of the war, on both sides. The author has drawn a great deal of his material from German sources and in his compilation of opinions represents the enemy point as *Pro*, using *Con* to designate the reply. He takes in turn all the countries involved in the war or having any relation to it, including those of South America, presenting in condensed form their attitude upon it by quoting published opinion. He considers also the questions of preparation for the war, the manner in which it has been carried on and some of its main incidents. The Author's chief error is in his "point of view." He should have represented the Allied view-point as *Pro* and the German view-point as *Con*.

MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

WITH THE completion of road improvement on the Gaviota Pass—and it is now about finished—tourists may negotiate that section of the coast highway without any discomfort during the rainy season. Until stretches farther north on the Coast highway have been paved, tourists will not be routed that way between Los Angeles and Bay cities points during wet weather by the Automobile Club of Southern California. However, now that the long needed improvement of the Gaviota has made that section of one of Southern California's scenic highways in first class shape for all-year travel, it will certainly appeal to tourists who go Santa Barbaraward, as the grades are not difficult, and the many views very alluring. From the new cut at the summit and lookout northwest, one of the most beautiful views in the Southland may be obtained when the air is fairly free from haze.

The improvement over the Gaviota includes about four miles of new grading on both the north and the south side, and the eliminating of the

road is in very fair condition, although the uninitiated in mountain driving would do well to have someone at the wheel who is an expert if the trip is to be made. The view is ever changing and on a clear day some wonderful coloring is to be seen.

MORE than ever, the week-end period finds many a car on the highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. Parents, relatives and friends go to the southern city to visit those who are undergoing training at Camp Kearny, and at the old exposition grounds, and in consequence, hotels and restaurants there are having, it is said, a very lucrative business. At some of the best known restaurants on week-end nights, patrons stand in line in order to secure space.

THAT Los Angeles has become the most important center on the Pacific Coast for the "dolling up" of cars, is evidenced by the great number of classy jobs to be seen on the streets and boulevards. One concern which



A Jordan Six at the Naval Training Station, San Diego.

more severe grades that were encountered on the old highway. The grades on the new section are very uniform. Instead of paving, six inches of rolled gravel has been used for surfacing. Surface water that rushed across the road in torrents during the rainy season and turned it into a slough and frequently brought down earth, boulders and trees, has been the one big factor in making this way over the top impassible—or almost so—during the winter.

To overcome this difficulty, the engineers, have, where necessary, elevated the grade, and by means of culverts, all of cement, provided for the carrying off of surplus water. On the north the highway has been generally lowered, while on the south it has been raised.

FOR THOSE who are fond of mountain scenery and driving, there is a loop trip that can easily be made from Santa Barbara in a day's time. One may leave that city in the morning—say at eight o'clock,—swing northwest over the San Marcos pass, and which is without a doubt one of the most scenic in California, and then by way of the Gaviota again be in town in ample time for dinner. Such a trip will take one past the Santa Ynez mission. As winter rains make the San Marcos somewhat difficult if not dangerous to negotiate, such a trip should be made only when Jupiter Pluvius is not giving Southern California some of his attention. At this time the

manufactures a specially designed top and which appeals to quality owners of cars, is shipping almost daily part of its output to points in many sections of the country. And these points include New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. And now the word is going broadcast over the land that the high standard of the recent automobile show held in Los Angeles has set a mark for others to shoot at.

PROBABLY no more ideal place in the United States for the training of naval apprentices could be found than at San Diego, where at the old exposition grounds, some of the finest of the nation's young men are being rounded into shape for duty on the high seas or wherever Uncle Sam may see fit to send them. Weather conditions throughout the year permit their eating and sleeping in the open air, which combined with excellent sanitation and hygienic regulations, should make for maximum efficiency mentally and physically. Many a recruit undergoing training there owns his own car, and when time allows such cars are put to good use. The garages in San Diego are doing an excellent business as a result of the great increase in business following the establishment of the training camps in that vicinity. Its streets are crowded with cars, day and night, and on week-ends the scenes bring one back to the busiest periods of the fair. Now, however, the habiliments of war predominate, in autos and on the streets.

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WEEK IN SOCIETY

An attractive bride was Miss Murcié
Male, daughter of Mrs. William Male,
who was married Saturday evening, De-
cember 29 to Lieutenant George T.
Shank of Company A, 160th Infantry,
Camp Kearny. The ceremony was per-
formed by Rev. W. L. Fisher of the
Harvard Heights United Presbyterian
church at the home of the bride's mother
in Leighton avenue. Only relatives and
a few close friends witnessed the mar-
riage. Following a short wedding trip
Lieutenant Shank will return to Linda
Vista, from where he expects to be
ordered to France and Mrs. Shank will
make her home with her mother.

Another war-wedding, which proved
a surprise to their many friends, was
that of Miss Frances Bischoff, daugh-
ter of the well-known artist, Franz
Bischoff of South Pasadena and Mr.
Wynn Mace, popular Southern Califor-
nia tennis champion. The wedding took
place in the Bischoff home Thursday,
December 20, with only the immediate
relatives witnessing the ceremony. The
bride is one of the attractive members
of the younger set of South Pasadena
and inherits much of the artistic tastes
of her talented father. Mr. Mace is a
sergeant of the "Grizzlies" at Camp
Kearny, attached to Captain Stewart
Edward White's company. Mr. Mace
has a collection of over forty tennis
trophies won both here and in the east
when he was a member of the Princeton
tennis team and these will be used as a
part of the furnishings for a little
home, which Sergeant Mace has se-
cured at San Diego. Sergeant Mace
and Mr. George Church were the cham-
pion Intercollegiate doubles team of the
United States for two years.

Miss Adelaide Hovey, who is a stu-
dent at Berkeley is passing the holi-
days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles T. Hovey of El Cerrito Place.
She was accompanied by her room-
mate, Miss Armilda Dutton of Nebras-
ka. Miss Mary Martin of Seattle is
also a guest in the Hovey home for the
holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Eagle
Rock are anticipating a visit from their
son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs.
A. C. Silsbee, who with their children
are soon to arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Sils-
bee left here seven or eight years ago
as bride and bridegroom to do mis-
sionary work in Africa and this will be
their first visit here since.

One of the attractive members of the
younger social set to announce her wed-
ding was Miss Louise Dodge, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan S. Dodge of
South Pasadena, to Mr. Frederick Lied-
hardt, son of the J. G. Liedhardt's of
Denver, Colorado. The marriage took
place Wednesday afternoon, December
20, at the home of the bride's parents
and was a simple home affair. The
Rev. S. G. Livingston of Calvary Pres-
byterian church read the marriage ser-
vice. The bride is a graduate of the
Pasadena High School and of the Egan
Dramatic school. She has taken promi-
nent parts in society and woman's club
plays. Mr. Liedhardt has recently en-
listed in aviation, and is awaiting or-
ders to go to Berkeley to attend the
Aeronautic school there.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W FRANCIS GATES

WHENEVER Jupiter Pluvius is around it is safe to look for rain. So when I saw Alfred Metzger at the opening symphony concert, I looked for "remarks" in the next issue of his *Musical Review*. I found them. Mr. Metzger is bathed in disappointment as to our orchestra conductor. He had predicted great things from Mr. Tandler and now has the pain that comes to a prophet whose prophecy doesn't measure up with his later opinions.

Mr. Metzger writes: "We have no quarrel with Adolf Tandler. Before he took up the baton we predicted that Los Angeles would receive the surprise of its life in the genius of this musician. We thought ourselves justified in making this prediction. It causes us more regret than we can state to admit that our prediction has not become realized. From careful observations at this first symphony concert, and relying on our experience of twenty-five years in musical journalism, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that Mr. Tandler is not only sadly lacking in those requirements that constitute the essential requisites of a symphony conductor, but that he is considerably less efficient, from a purely musical standpoint, than his predecessor, Harley Hamilton, the founder of the orchestra, and a musician who understood how to conduct an orchestra and how to obtain effects from a classical composition."

Mr. Metzger further adds, "People in Los Angeles whose business it is to call attention to these facts are too timid and too cowed to act courageously," and admits that he is perfectly willing to tell the orchestra association who it should engage as conductor. Is it to be Sokoloff or Rieggen? Possibly he is even willing to donate Hertz in a missionary effort. Incidentally Mr. Hamilton states that he much deplores being brought into the discussion.

HOWEVER, there is one feature of the Los Angeles musical situation which seems to strike Brother Metzger the same way it does the local musical fraternity and visiting musicians, one on which even the New York papers have commented. Concerning the way music is handled in the daily press, he says:

"Even the newspapers seem to have lost interest in music, and the attractions brought to Los Angeles do not receive that recognition which their merit and their quieting influence upon the community at large certainly justifies. The newspapers do not seem to take pride in their critical departments. They engage writers who give evidence that they are unfamiliar with their subject, and consequently do not appear to secure the confidence of their readers. So the musical public of Los Angeles has to wait until the dependable reports about concerts reach them by way of weekly and monthly publications. If the musical condition of Los Angeles is at present unsatisfactory, it is principally due to the niggardly attitude of the daily press toward giving sufficient and craftsmanlike reports of musical events." (Thanks for the implied compliment as to the *GRAPHIC* music reports.)

THE CONCERTS for the latter part of December were few but were by a rarely good team of artists—I say team advisedly, as Messrs. Ysaye and Bauer were dated for a violin and piano sonata program at Trinity the day after Christmas, the program offering four sonatas by Beethoven, Brahms, and Franck. On the nineteenth, Bauer gave a recital in the afternoon and Ysaye one in the evening.

I was particularly interested in the program announced by Bauer for this time, as it offered what should be expected from any great artist, and that is something rarely played. It is to the better artists that we must look for such things. There was on the list a Weber sonata, brilliant and seldom played; two Brahms works and especially a group of descriptive numbers by Moussorgsky. The latter writer has been played here so little

that he is an almost unknown to our ears, if not to our eyes. We read of him but we do not hear him. And so I, probably with others, was most glad of this opportunity to hear this immensely talented and erratic Russian and see what he has done in his "Pictures at an Exposition." And then on going to the recital we found what? Instead of all this the most commonplace program that a pianist could devise—a Beethoven sonata, the Schumann "Scenes from Childhood," the customary Chopin ballade, Alkan's "Wind" etude and the most commonly played Liszt numbers. It is a pity that more reliance can not be placed in the advance announcements.

AMERICA has had occasion in the last few years to be proud of a number of her artist-musicians, but the two who forged ahead in foreign lands and first attracted widespread attention to our American genius were the late Lillian Nordica, in the vocal world, and our own Maud Powell in the instrumental field. It will be a pleasure to welcome the latter on Saturday afternoon, January 5th, at Trinity Auditorium, when she will be heard

in the only recital scheduled for this city. It is a grievous pity that this sterling artist is not heard oftener here, so representative is she of the finest, most desired qualities in violin playing. However, as she is heard but once a year in New York, thanks to her tremendous vogue throughout the country, one must be satisfied. Born in Peru, Illinois, she was early recognized as highly gifted and afforded opportunity to study. She seemed to realize the fact that the opportunity was not to be wasted and as a tiny girl of ten it is told of her how thoroughly angered she became one day when, after trying repeatedly to exactly catch the rhythm of a certain exercise, she was made to stop and rest for five minutes before trying it again, so excited was she becoming at the, as she supposed, loss of time. Her mother was her constant companion, going abroad with her later, and aiding the natural progress by careful jurisdiction of the brilliant young star's living and home life in the Old World. Her debut was made in London and was flatteringly successful. She then returned to the Continent as soloist with the New York Arion Society, the following year, making her debut on this side. Every year she has become a greater favorite with the public and while it has not been possible for her masterly technique to be improved upon, her notably fine interpretations of not only the classics but the more modern, lesser known compositions have made her

famous the world over. To the student she is a revelation and to the layman she is the John McCormack of the violin.

I AM TOLD that Christiaan Timmner made an excellent impression in his performance with Ysaye of a Bach concerto for two violins at a recent concert. In technique it was said the local artist measured up quite well with his fellow performer, though in tone quantity there was said by some to be a distinguishable difference. Possibly. If Timmner were as much of an artist as Ysaye, there would be no need for him to stay in Los Angeles. As it is, I do not suppose that there are many fiddlers in the country that Ysaye would consent to play with—billiards, cards or violin.

THE RECENT decision of the Revenue Department, reversing its former ruling as to tax on concert tickets where the entertainment is given after November 1, 1917, will result in considerable misunderstanding and confusion in the case of concert courses and club concerts. The Department rules that the ten per cent tax must be paid on all tickets good for concerts after that date, even though the ticket was paid for before November 1. This covers concerts of the Symphony orchestra, Ellis, Lyric, Orpheus and other club concerts, including associate membership and complimentary tickets.



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Saturday Matinee, January 5.

IN WOODLAND WAYS

We rambled down and past a woodland bight
Where weed and bramble sparsely interlaced
A gorgeous China pheasant rose in haste
And set the air on fire with his flight;
The valley quail, dispersing left and right
Whirred level-winged across a thistled waste,
And pale Diana, crescent-slim and chaste
Smiled on us from a doorway of the night.

Ah, me! my Love! that was a day of days
Clipped from the tattered almanac of Time,
To wander forth in sylvan shaded ways
Where orange cups of honeysuckle climb,
With Bacchant tempters beckoning through a maze
And taste the wine of Autumn at its prime.

E. M. G.

MANHATTAN SONNETS

JEFFERSON COURT

Over the market is a monstrous tomb,
The mausoleum of the corpse of youth.
A temple sad it is and rife with gloom,
The worshippers a howling mob uncouth.
Its judges batten on the vice that lies
Within this precinct of the dregs of life,
Great-paunched they are, and heedless of the cries
Of those that fell amid the city's strife.
Here a pale child, red-lipped and hollow-eyed,
Pleads for the haven of another chance.
Astarte was white-breasted, satin-thighed;
This woman is all-tired from the dance
That Death piped to the tune of "You must pay"—
The sentence coming with the dawning day.

William Van Wyck.

FIFTH AVENUE

The colorful bazars along the street
Display their tempting wares that maid may fall.
Thousands of pretty buyers, dainty, sweet,
Purchase the raiment of the carnival.
Near, toward the East, in foul, ill-lighted rooms
The slaves of Mammon make this motley bright,
Bending consumptive bodies to the looms,
Sweating and panting far into the night.
Upon the roof of stinking tenement
They lie half-naked to the blazoned sky;
While birds-of-paradise on pleasure bent
To stimulate the jaded senses try.
Thus many a reeking hovel, scant of air,
Supports some fairy palace wondrous fair.

William Van Wyck.

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Guy Price, Herald: "Cutest, merriest and best comedy of the season."

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"MISS SPRINGTIME," heralded with the music of running brooks and March breezes, made her bow to a delighted audience which filled the Mason theatre on Monday night. There is a very alluring story fitted into the comedy, something idyllic and sweet, a touch of unique romance which is charmingly interpreted and sung by Hattie Burks in the title role. Her girlishness is as simple and unaffected as a primrose by the river's brim. She made a picturesque and tuneful foil to Harrison Brockbank, in the character of Jo Varady, or the disguised Rudolph Marto, and their duet work was one of the chief attractions of the show.

Frank McIntyre as Michael Robin, assistant Editor of the Pilota Gazette was unctuously and effervescently comical. There was a real Falstaffian swagger to his bearing and wit, and in every scene and even aside, he was the "life of the party" in respect to the merriment furnished. His work was done with a spirit and zest that added immensely to the character as drawn by the librettist. Walk, talk, expression, inflection of voice, everything that could make the role the drollest of comedy were in Mr. McIntyre's repertory, and he was one of the four stellar features of the evening's entertainment.

Harrison Brockbank as Jo Varady (otherwise Rudolph Marto) gave a most artistic and pleasing rendition of the part. Purely from the stand-point of acting, his work was the best in the cast, and his singing left little to be desired. There was just the least effective tinge of pathos to his manner and songs which lent the right contrast to the naive and innocent role of "Miss Springtime," and made their dual work harmonize perfectly.

Mac Hennessy was sparkling and vital as the Premiere Danseuse, her youth and grace lending a special fascination to her dances. She has the true classic abandon in her movements, like the tracery on some Grecian vase, and whether they knew it or not, the audience will not see again in many a day, the spirit of the dance portrayed so wildly well. Choruses and ballets were given very finely indeed. The dance of Isis was superbly staged and danced, and altogether the ensemble was excellent. Some of the songs were good, and one or two were ordinary in words and music as well. "Some One," "My Castle in the Air," and "The Garden of Romance" were particularly melodious. After all, Shakespeare was right.

"In the Springtime
The only pretty ringtime,
Hey ding-a-ding
Sweet lovers love the Spring."

THE Orpheum bill for Christmas week introduced as new features The Bert Hughes Company, European Novelty Cyclists, who did a number of graceful and daring feats of cycling which won the plaudits of their audiences, Mr. and Mrs. Mel-Burne in an episode entitled "On the Fourth Floor" in which the "demon rum" played an important part, Frank Burt, Ed. Johnston & Co. in "Bluff," Emily Ann Wellman in "Young Mrs. Stanford," Golet, Harris and Morey, singers and musicians, and Nan Halperin in a song cycle. Sophie Tucker and her rag-time artists, Bert Baker & Co., and Frank Westphal were retained from last week's bill. There was some good work in "Young Mrs. Stanford," and Golet, Harris and Morey were especially attractive in their musical selections. Sophie Tucker and her five Kings of Syncopation (no objection to five kings in that kind of a pack) still caught the crowds in rousing encores. The Orpheum orchestra gave a beautiful Christmas programme of selected music, and

Director Frankenstein is to be sincerely congratulated on the taste which selected this programme. The Christmas audiences found the bill particularly enjoyable.

MASON Theatre begins New Year's Eve with Henry W. Savage's new melodramatic comic opera "Pom-Pom." After such a treat as "Miss Springtime," the Mason audiences will be furnished with a real embarrassment of riches in "Pom-Pom." Not since Lina Abarbanell sprung into fame with the Henry W. Savage production of "The Merry Widow" has anything been seen on the boards of a like character to "Pom-Pom" with Mitzi Hajos in the title role. The entire New York cast is coming, and Hugo Felix's melodies are certain to provide some novel and catchy

songs far above the average of even the best of comic-opera ditties. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees, and a special New Year's day matinee. Seat sale begins December 27th. "POM-POM, POM-POM, POM-POM. Buy early.

NEW YEAR'S will be properly greeted by the Orpheum the week beginning with its eve, Dec. 31. Not only will its usual shows be given, but on Monday night there will be two performances, besides the regular matinee, which is to inaugurate the new bill. This new bill brings a befitting headliner in a big musical comedy with a company of 30, presenting a complete though brief little play, "The Four Husbands." In this, Jack Boyle and Kitty Bryan, not unknown to Los Angeles, are featured members, and the organization also includes a beauty chorus of size and worth. The music and lyrics of the playlet are by W. B. Friedlander, who wrote all Nan Halperin's stuff, and this at once assures their worth, while the book is by Will M. Hough, one of a trio of once famed authors whose works were received everywhere. Another big favorite here who returns after a long absence, is Winona Winter, in her latest song successes, besides a few versatile stunts. Claud and Fannie Usher, whose classic sketch, "Fagan's Decision," has not been seen in three years here, will bring it back, by request. This skit has never been touched in vaudeville for real human pathos and fun, and its value is seen from the



Harriett Rempel at Orpheum next week

fact of its long run. Spareribs, the wonderful canine, is still in the cast, of course, and Mr. and Miss Usher will be found as adept as ever in delineating their roles. A fourth new act is offered by George and Dick Rath, American athletes, who have a study of endurance which is remarkable in its exhibit of physical strength. Emily Ann Wellman in her flash drama, "Young Mrs. Stanhope"; Nan Halperin in her song cycle of effective numbers, Golet, Harris and Morey, and Frank Burt, Ed. Johnston & Co. in "Bluff" are the holdover members of the new bill, which will have the addition of excellent music from the orchestra, and exclusive Pathe news views.

THE MOROSCO theater will start the new year with the third week of the comedy classic, "Captain Kidd Jr.," which begins its third big week with Saturday's matinee. There will be a special holiday matinee on New Year's Day in addition to the regular matinees of the week. "Captain Kidd Jr." has proven one of the most popular plays that the Morosco has offered in many weeks. By Morosco's enterprise, the Morosco has been able to offer this season's big hit at stock prices. The play is being presented with a cast of equal importance to that which presented the production in the East. It has played to capacity at every performance and its third week promises to be a banner one. The cast is headed by Bertha Mann, Harland Tucker, Richard Dix and James Corrigan.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY NEEDS

REPORTS and their accompanying statistics are generally supposed to be dry reading. But every citizen should be interested in the Los Angeles Public Library Report, 1916-1917, for in its covers are details of the work of one of the most popular and important departments of the City, which employs one hundred and fifty-four people, and is visited daily by ten thousand. It is an enterprise reaching one in four of the residents, and carrying on a vast amount of valuable work. It is open twelve hours a day, six days a week, and available on Sundays and holidays, and fills an indispensable place in the life of the community, and deserves the attention of every taxpayer whose money is invested in it. Besides the main library it has one hundred and forty points of contact in its eight Carnegie branches, and its sub-branches and deposit stations, which reach out into the newly acquired territory, as well as to schools, stores and even the City Hall. Through these agencies, 277,634 books and 756 different periodicals, both home and foreign, as well as 188 newspapers are made accessible to a population of 503,812, among whom 119,629 are card holders. Of these, ten thousand are children, and for their benefit, six hundred and sixty-one story hours were held and three children's librarians appointed. That old and young alike avail themselves of their privileges is shown by a circulation of 2,304,631.

The work of the twelve departments—Order, Catalogue, Registration, Circulation, Juvenile, Periodicals, Reference, Sociology, Art and Music, Branches, and the Training School is treated, each under a separate head, and careful reading will give an extraordinary number of interesting facts and figures. More than thirty-four thousand volumes of books and music passed through the Order Department. Among the 42,555 additions reported by the Cataloguer for the year were 9,997 in foreign languages—including Danish, Swedish, Armenian and Yiddish. Twenty tongues are represented in the whole collection of foreign books, and 45,756 books were drawn from the library during the past twelve months. In the Circulation Department two hundred and twenty-seven books were issued every hour, and some nine thousand were reserved by the "Postal" system, which gives an opportunity to obtain a desired volume by the payment of two cents. Magazines to the number of 64,496 were taken home by readers, and many persons availed themselves of the 1,494 bound volumes of local newspapers which may be consulted in the Periodical Department. Novels found 419,619 readers, though much of the interest in this form of literature has been diverted to plays and poems, to essays and history. Four thousand volumes of general literature in English and other languages have been added—the total number of books in the department being 77,342. The Reference Room has greatly increased its collection of genealogy, a subject which receives more attention every year from individuals and socie-

ties. The Reference Department reports 13,428 questions answered; these queries always run the gamut of human interest, but this year the "great war" has affected every field of work, phase of literature, or energy. The Industrial Department has doubled its stock of books on nursing, and bought many technical works, while sociology has found it necessary to reserve about one hundred different manuals for use in officers' examinations, and to purchase many books on military subjects as well as doing work collecting and cataloguing government, state, and city documents. Five thousand pamphlets were received, filed, and thus brought within the reach of all. The Art and Music Department alone, has answered six thousand inquiries covering a wide range of subjects. It has accumulated eleven thousand mounted pictures, and has a total stock of 11,422 volumes and scores. Music and picture catalogues are steadily progressing, and paintings and etchings have been shown in the Music Room, which is in constant use. This room is used as a meeting place for local clubs and societies, who find the hospitality of the library freely extended. The Branch Department reports a circulation of 1,366,910 and furnishes library service in a territory extending from Owensmouth to San Pedro—a distance of fifty miles. The Carnegie branches are meeting places for various organizations, for recitals, plays, community singing, and lectures on many subjects. Many have flourishing book clubs, and extend their influence by publicity work of every kind. On page thirty-three of the annual report will be found a column comprising the names of the deposit stations and revealing the wonderful scope of development.

On the tenth floor of the quarters occupied by the Public Library in the Metropolitan Building are the rooms devoted to the Training School. This endeavors to prepare each year for general library work, a carefully selected class of twenty students, equipped for service in the libraries of the State as well as our own. Positions and vacancies on the staff are filled by these graduates, who receive instruction during a period of eight months.

All these and many more valuable contributions to the well being of the community are made and sustained from an appropriation which last year amounted to \$240,603.40. This is expended in every instance for the best possible advancement of the usefulness of the Library. But the sum is manifestly inadequate for either books or the highest service, especially as the institution occupies rented quarters, the lease of which will expire in a short time. It is therefore proposed by the Board to make a special appeal to the City Council to increase the allotted money, by the establishment of an increased rate of five-tenths of a mill in the City of Los Angeles, and to make an earnest effort to acquire a site for a new library building so greatly needed, in order that all existing facilities may be developed to the utmost.

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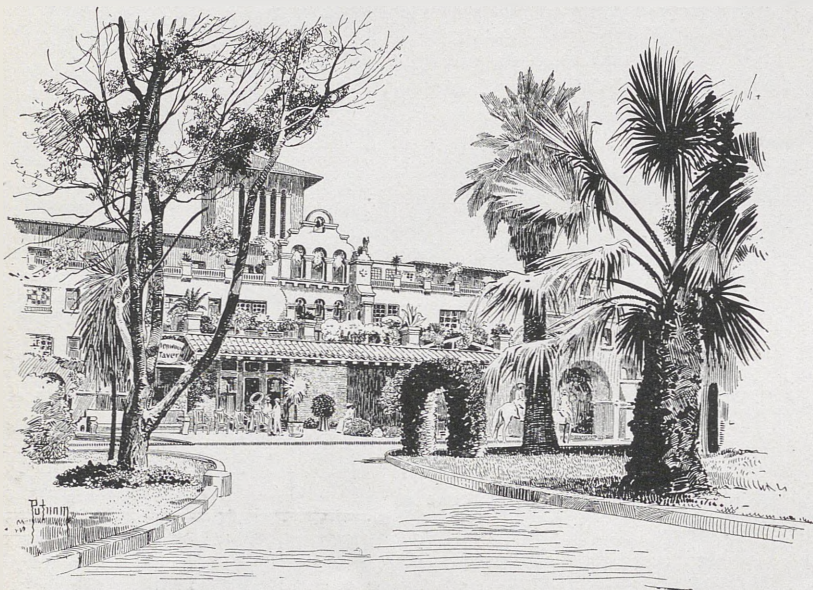
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RECENT BOOKS

THE present war has been full of surprises, one of the greatest being the Russian Revolution. Will Austria surprise the world in the same way and get rid of its Kaiser? Certainly two years ago the break-up of Austria was expected more than was the volcano in Russia; and yet the dual empire holds together today in a surprising way. There ought to be, and there is, far less aversion to Austrians on the part of the Allies than exists in the case of Germany. To begin with, the Austrians do not treat their captives in the jeering, brutal way that has degraded the German reputation. The author of this careful study—one of a high-class "nation" series—who was in Vienna when the first prisoners were coming in, states (page 192) that "what interested him more than all else was the reception given by the populace to this motley host of their vanquished foes. For it was quite other from what he had expected. It was compassionate, almost sympathetic. No reviling word fell. Men and women would hush heedless children when these let drop remarks that might be offensive to the strangers." Moreover, as the author tells us (page 330), "Up to the outbreak of the war, and even for a time after that, Hungary clung to her old sympathy for England and France, despite everything. . . . As to America, Hungary has never forgotten the hospitality shown here to Kossuth." But today, having discovered that their only hope of victory is when they are German-led, Austrians and Hungarians have swallowed the bitter pill, smothered their dislike of Prussia, and "now Germany has her way in everything that concerns the conduct of the war, both in the military and diplomatic sense." The author does not look for much help from the young Kaiser, for though he "has a number of estimable qualities, firmness is not among them." The book is full of the most instructive matter but the style is sometimes lacking in finish. (*Austria-Hungary: The Polyglot Empire*. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Frederick Stokes Co.)

WISCONSIN Sonnets, by Charles H. Winke, contain some really fine examples in the sonnet form. Certain of these are marred by a determined effort to point a moral, but in others the didactic spirit is happily absent. The workmanship is uniformly excellent, although the book would have been less monotonous in this respect if Mr. Winke had employed both the Elizabethan and the Petrarchan forms to lend variety.

The sonnet "To a pugilist" would have been exceptionally good if the author had followed his spirited octet with a sestet describing the knock-out blow administered, and the referee counting the fated ten seconds. As it is, the ending is tame, and not in accord with the vivid description in the first eight lines. Two sonnets in praise of Senator La Follette seem rather sardonic, considering the Wisconsin Senator's recent headlong fall from grace. A dirge would have been more appropriate. (*Wisconsin Sonnets*, by Chas. H. Winke. Badger Publishing Co. Milwaukee, Wis.)

EDDIE SCHMIDT



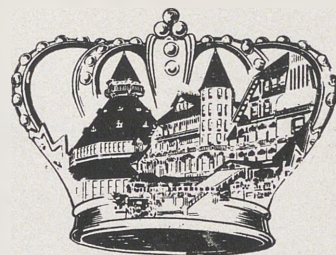
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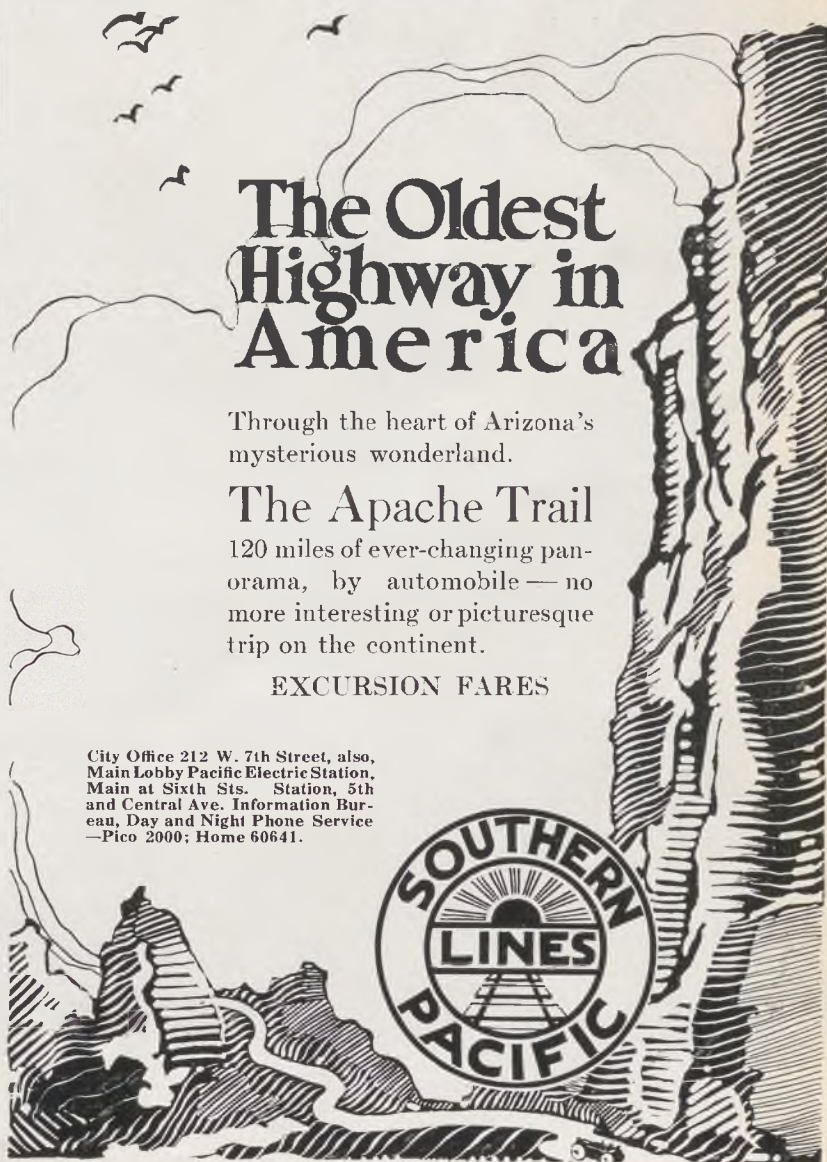
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